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RETURN OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE accidents and disappointments of human life are so many and so great that it is seldom that anything which man proposes is carried out with such unbroken success as that which has throughout accompanied the long journey of the PRINCE. He has returned after seven months' absence on the day and almost at the hour when he was expected, having been able to fulfil without variation almost every item of the programme with which he started, and having added a visit to Madrid. On his arrival at Portsmouth on Thursday he remarked, in reply to an address from the Corporation, that what had especially struck him in his progress through the distant possessions of the Crown was that he found everywhere the same reign of order that he was accustomed to witness at home. This is a remark which might have occurred to any traveller, but which is peculiarly appropriate when coming from the lips of the Heir to the Throne. Wherever he has trod on soil belonging to the English Crown he has found law, order, good will, and loyalty; and in these days of jealousy and disturbance it is much that this can be said. It deserves also to be noticed that not only was the PRINCE always punctual to his appointments, always ready to do everything he was asked to do, and always pleased with what he saw and with what was done for him, but those whose business it was to prepare for his coming, and to carry out the complicated arrangements for his journey and for his reception at the different stages of his travels, discharged their duties with uniform zeal and efficiency. His safe return to his home has been the subject of unaffected popular rejoicing, and the meeting between the PRINCE and the PRINCESS has appealed with unusual force to the hearts of thousands. There is a universal impression that it was a very good thing that the PRINCE should go to India, a very happy thing that he has returned safe and well, and a most satisfactory thing that he has played a difficult part with marked success. He has done a piece of important business for the benefit of the nation, and the nation is naturally grateful to him for having done it well. The present is taken as an earnest of the future, and the PRINCE has not only been going through a most instructive preparation for the station to which, in the natural order of things, he will one day be called, but he has displayed qualities which inspire the belief that this great opportunity has not been lost on him, and that he will always be willing to do his best. He has what in his position is the immense merit of being ready to work. The QUEEN is one of the most industrious women in the country, and goes through business of the most varied kinds to the utmost limit that her health will permit. The business the PRINCE has to go through at present is necessarily of a different kind from that which occupies the attention of a reigning sovereign. But to many persons it would be even more repulsive and wearisome. It is very hard work going to one place after another, saying the right thing to men of every class, creed, and nation, having every meal turned into a banquet, and every hour bespoken. To go through this labour cheerfully and as a matter of course, and without any appearance of thinking that there is anything to bear, is a sign of many virtues of body, mind, and character. Even a thing so seemingly slight as to show himself at the Opera an hour or two after his arrival marks in the PRINCE a readiness to think of the wishes of

others rather than his own comfort, which ought not indeed to be exaggerated into a wonderful act of virtue, but deserves recognition as a proof of the ardour with which the PRINCE discharges the duties which he believes are imposed on him by his birth.

At the very hour of his arrival in London the House of Commons was engaged in a discussion which must have some interest for him. The Opposition was calling attention to the terms of the Proclamation by which the QUEEN has assumed her new title. This, it may be fairly said, is the proper mode of describing what was going on. While the Royal Titles Bill was in Committee, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE observed that, whereas the intention of the Government was to limit the operation of the new title by the form of the Proclamation, the Opposition would be at liberty to call attention to the Proclamation if they did not consider that it fulfilled the declared intention of its authors. The Opposition thought that it failed in many ways to do what it had been promised it should do, and they therefore called attention to it. But to call attention to it on the ground that it did not carry out what the Government had undertaken that it should carry out was to say that the Government had not made good its promises. If this was what was meant, then, as Mr. DISRAELI remarked, a charge was brought against the Government which, if it could be sustained, would show them to be unworthy of the confidence of Parliament. This was not the issue which any one really wished to raise, or thought could be properly raised. It was only in obedience to Parliamentary forms that a very proper criticism on the terms of a public instrument was transmuted into a proposal for a vote of censure. All the virtuous indignation of the Ministry, all the denunciation of unavailing party spite in which it amused one Conservative speaker after another to indulge, had no real meaning. There was only a sham party fight, and all the firing was with blank cartridges. The Opposition was merely accepting the invitation of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and calling attention to the Proclamation, and every one knew that this was all that was meant. Whether it was worth while to raise a discussion, in itself unobjectionable, when it had to be raised in so very inconvenient and misleading a form, was a question which it no doubt gave the leaders of the Opposition much trouble to answer. For various reasons, among which the necessity of consulting the wishes of their supporters may probably be numbered, they decided that, even at this cost, it was better to call attention to the Proclamation in this way than to pass it by altogether. Having come to this decision, they were bound to make the best of a very uncomfortable position and to avoid all appearance of disagreement. Lord HARTINGTON very properly repudiated the insidious compliments that were paid him on his supposed reluctance to support the motion of Sir HENRY JAMES. But it was impossible that he and those who are accustomed to act with him should not have regretted that the party should be driven into a course which so extraordinary a conjunction of independent members as Mr. BUTT, Dr. KENEALY, and Sir ROBERT PEEL could agree in denouncing as factious.

As was to be anticipated, the Opposition had little to add to the criticism of Lord SELBORNE, unless it was the discovery of Sir HENRY JAMES that the new title must be introduced into every patent. The facts are really as simple as possible. The Ministry offered again and again

to localize the title and confine it to India. They have not so localized it, and it is not confined to India. They either could not or would not frame the Proclamation so that this promised object should be attained. On the other hand, they undertook that the use of the new title should be kept as much as possible out of the United Kingdom, and they have done much to prevent it from being used here. They promised more than they have fulfilled, but they have fulfilled a substantial part of what they promised. They used rash language, and could not make their rash language good. Mr. HARDY in vain tried to show that they had carried out their contract to the letter, and he had to resort to much uncomfortable special pleading in order to make out a case. Mr. DISRAELI, in a larger and bolder spirit, said that Ministers were not to be tied down to the letter of particular phrases used in the hurry and freedom of debate. This was really to yield the main point on which the Opposition insisted. Phrases which seemed to give pledges that have not been fulfilled were used by leading Ministerial speakers, and the excuse now given, which to some extent may be accepted, is that they were used in the course of conversation, and not as solemn assurances of what would practically be done. The Opposition has protested against the indiscreet use of such phrases, and this, as Sir WILLIAM HARcourt observed, is their final protest. The controversy as to the title of Empress is now at rest. The QUEEN is Empress of India, and she is not to be called Empress here more than is unavoidable. How far it will in real life be avoided depends not on the terms of the Proclamation, but on the guidance of the Government and the unfailing good sense of the Royal Family. The painful episode of Mr. Lowe's indiscretion had at least the salutary effect of dispelling the illusion that the QUEEN personally had any thirst for a grander name; and the PRINCE's long journey, his reception at every point of his progress, and the warmth of his welcome home may be relied on, among other things, to have fortified his conviction that there is nothing greater or better on earth than to be King of England.

RUSSIAN POLICY IN CENTRAL ASIA.

MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE was fully justified in bringing the question of the Russian advances, in Central Asia before the House of Commons. There is a general consent in the conclusion that nothing can be done at present; but the attention of Parliament may properly be called from time to time to events which may probably hereafter lead to serious complications. There are two classes of alarmists on the subject; and the more reasonable of the two justifies its fears by plausible argument and respectable authority. Sir H. HAVELOCK apprehends a collision with Russia within five years; and perhaps other adherents of the same school of Oriental politics may think the danger still more immediate. On the other side are timid and sensitive optimists who fear that Russia, though otherwise harmless, may be irretrievably offended by the expression in or out of Parliament of any suspicion on the part of England of ambitious designs. The most unambitious of Governments, though it is incapable of cherishing designs of territorial aggrandizement, may perhaps invade India in resentment of an unjust suspicion. The *Times* especially deprecates with nervous anxiety any mention in speech or writing of precautions against the Russian advance towards the frontiers of India. It might be supposed, from the flurried warnings against indiscreet apprehension, that the policy of Russia towards Kashgar, Afghanistan, or Persia would be altered to punish Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE for his interference. The Russian journals are not restrained by the scruples which are urged on the attention of the House of Commons. Official and non-official writers vie with each other in taunts and menaces towards the Power against which, according to their representations, every movement in Central Asia is designed. The Russian Government has repeatedly acknowledged the propriety of the vigilant observation which has been suggested by recent conquests. Three or four years ago Prince GORTCHAKOFF concurred with Lord GRANVILLE in the definition of a boundary which was to separate the respective dependencies of Russia and England. It is difficult to understand how Mr. DISRAELI can have stated that the project of a neutral zone between the Empires had never been entertained. He probably repudiated the phrase without intending to

deny the fact which it expressed. Lord CLARENDON and his immediate successor had always spoken of intermediate territory as a neutral zone. If the alarmists who are frightened at a hint of alarm are justified in their dread of discussion, statesmen in England and India who have watched Russian policy for many years must have been systematically and unanimously in the wrong.

It would be both unreasonable and useless to blame the Russians for their successive annexations of Bokhara, Khiva, and Khokand. In some cases the Government has declared beforehand, probably in good faith, that the success of an expedition against turbulent barbarians would not result in the permanent occupation of their territory. If there had been occasion to give diplomatic utterance to the intentions of Indian Viceroys and the Ministers from whom they received instructions, guarantees for the independence of many States which have ultimately been absorbed might probably remain on record. After the Afghan war it was not intended to annex Scinde; and in the first Sikh war the conquest of the Punjab was not foreseen. The Emperor of RUSSIA has more than once condescended to state to English diplomatists that his generals in Central Asia habitually exceed their instructions. It has not appeared that their unauthorized aggressions have been punished, nor is it certain that they have ever deserved censure. The Governor-General of Russian Turkestan has often found that the only effective mode of maintaining order in an adjacent country is to seize and administer the government. The tribes which he has from time to time punished and subdued are predatory, cruel, and untrustworthy. Any settled government must in those regions be a great improvement on a state of society which is perhaps the worst existing in the world. Under Russian dominion increased prosperity will follow the compulsory establishment of peace and order. Some parts of Central Asia were once comparatively civilized, and, under Russian administration, they may possibly flourish again. A Russian general, whatever may be his faults, is a juster and more honest ruler than a Khan of Khiva or Khokand. He might perhaps not compare so favourably with the remarkable chief who has formed a kingdom for himself in Eastern Turkestan. Mr. FORSYTH may have been justified in the assertion that, if the dominions of YAKOUB BEY were conquered by Russia, it would not be the business of England to interfere; but it was perhaps unnecessary to forebode an event which, though it may be inevitable, cannot be contemplated with satisfaction. Mr. DISRAELI's impression that Mr. FORSYTH had anticipated the conquest of Kashgar with pleasure was not unnatural.

The absence of moral disapprobation is compatible with an entire want of active sympathy. As long as Russia is sufficiently employed in reducing Central Asia to subjection, there is little fear of interference with India. The most injurious among the immediate consequences of the extension of Russian dominion is the exclusion of English commerce from regions to which it might otherwise penetrate; but it is impracticable to fight for the retention of markets which indeed are not extraordinarily valuable. When Central Asia is finally subdued and pacified, Russian generals will hope for more attractive and profitable occupation. A share in the possession of India will appear to them a natural reward for their labours, unless indeed Western China should seem to offer an easier prey. All military authorities agree in the opinion that, for the present, India could not be invaded from the North with any prospect of success. On the North-East the passes which were traversed by the mission to Kashgar would not admit of the passage of an army. In the defiles of Afghanistan it is hoped that the natives would aid the defence, and probably the most formidable line of advance would be from the West. It is evident that the enemy would be encountered to the greatest advantage at a distance from his resources and in the neighbourhood of India. The exact line of defence to be selected must be determined on purely military considerations. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, and others who think the danger of invasion remote, nevertheless expect that it may occur at some future time. There are many reasons for not guarding against it prematurely. It is not desirable to take an active part in the domestic politics or intrigues of Afghanistan, or to guarantee the existence of any ruler or dynasty. Lord LAWRENCE and Lord MAYO prudently contented themselves with the establishment of friendly relations with the reigning chief, being well aware that his death may probably cause a war of succession.

Mr. DISRAELI retrieved as far as possible the credit for prudence which he had risked by an idle phrase of rhetoric in the debate on the Royal Titles Bill. It is impossible to collect from his later expressions whether he concurs with Sir G. CAMPBELL or with Sir HENRY RAWLINSON. In diplomatic interviews with Russian Ambassadors he may possibly be more explicit. A free country with a Parliament and press absolutely unrestrained has the disadvantage of being overheard when it engages in discussions on foreign affairs. A responsible Minister has no business to think aloud, and Foreign Secretaries can seldom be accused of forgetting the reserve belonging to their office. Russian politicians sometimes commit the grave mistake of attending to colourless official generalities rather than to the utterances of national feeling. Those among them who care to understand English public opinion have ample means of knowing the determination of the country to maintain its power in India by more efficacious methods than the invention of newfangled titles. It is for the purpose of reminding those whom it may concern of the resolution of England that conversations such as that which was commenced by Mr. BAILLIE COCHREANE are occasionally useful. It is difficult to believe that Sir G. CAMPBELL can have seriously inferred from Mr. DISRAELI's random phrases that the Indian Government was about to enter on an ambitious or aggressive policy. Of all orators in high political position, Mr. DISRAELI is the least liable to literal interpretation of words which are seldom carefully considered. The same purpose which was served by PEEL's elaborate circumlocution is attained by Mr. DISRAELI's simpler method of saying anything which may at the moment seem to promote his immediate object. His defiance of Russia meant as little as his celebrated declamation about those Straits of Malacca which have never troubled his repose before or since the time when they were suddenly appropriated to the purposes of the general election. A careless speaker is not necessarily a thoughtless or improvident statesman. Sir G. CAMPBELL's suspicions of a change of policy seem to have been strengthened by the selection of Sir LEWIS PELLY to accompany the new VICEROY to Simla. No Indian official is better acquainted with the politics of the tribes and nations between the Indian frontier and the Red Sea; but Sir LEWIS PELLY is at present engaged in administering the affairs of Rajputana, and it has not been announced that he is likely to resign his post. There is no occasion to be immediately frightened by Russian policy, and there is still less reason for being frightened at last week's debate.

EGYPTIAN FINANCE.

THE scheme of the KHEDIVE for the consolidation of his debt has at last been published, and a very curious scheme it is. The KHEDIVE is almost, if not quite, an independent sovereign, and he likes to taste the sweets of the sovereignty he enjoys, and does not hesitate to deal with the rights of other people in a princely and free-handed manner. He bastinadoes his English creditors, and smiles on his French and native creditors in a grand Oriental style. It is the will of God and ISMAIL that there shall be a consolidated debt of 91,000,000*l.*, and this therefore is the figure. The present funded debt of Egypt amounts to 54,793,000*l.*, and to this amount, therefore, 36,207,000*l.* are added by a stroke of the pen. The existing bondholders suffer, in the first place, by having this enormous addition made to the total; in the next place, by having all their special securities taken from them; and, lastly, by having the date at which their capital is to be repaid postponed to a very distant day. A sinking fund is provided, which it is calculated will pay off the 91 millions in 65 years. A portion of the existing debt, amounting to somewhat less than five millions, ought, according to the engagements under which it was borrowed, to be paid off in five years from the present time, while the bulk of the remainder is not repayable until 1903. Mr. CAVE proposed that the small part of the debt repayable at an early date should be left altogether out of any scheme of consolidation, and should be paid off when due in cash. The present scheme treats the holders of these special bonds in a much ruder manner. Instead of receiving the bonds of the new consolidated debt at par, they are to receive them at 95, and they will thus add a bonus of one-nineteenth to their capital, which is a very small consolation to them for the postponement of repayment. One

fraction of this special short-dated portion of the existing debt, known as the Moustapha Loan of 1867, was borrowed at nine per cent., and the holders of this loan are to have an extra quantity of new bonds given them to compensate them for the reduction of interest from nine to seven per cent. The capital represented by this difference of interest is to be reckoned as if now due, and then 70 per cent. of the amount is to be paid by the issue of bonds of the new consolidated debt. Although the terms used by the KHEDIVE are not perfectly clear, it is probable that this means that the difference between seven and nine per cent. is to be reckoned for the five years which are to elapse before the date is reached at which it was promised that the bond should be paid off, and then a new bond shall be given for 70 per cent. of the amount. Thus a holder of a bond for 1,000*l.* would in five years receive 100*l.* more at nine than at seven per cent., and he will therefore receive a new bond for 70*l.* on account of the difference of interest, besides what he receives for his capital in bonds issued at 95. The total amount of the new consolidated debt issued by way of compensation to the holders of the short-dated loans of 1864, 1865, and 1867, will be about 320,000*l.*; and if this is deducted from the 36,207,000*l.* which is to be added to the total existing debt, there will remain 35,887,000*l.*, which is left for the settlement of the floating debt and for what may be decorously termed the margin of the new operation.

When Mr. CAVE was in Egypt, the KHEDIVE stated his floating capital to be at least 21,243,000*l.* Deducting this amount from 35,887,000*l.* there will remain 14,644,000*l.*, or in round figures fourteen and a half millions sterling. These fourteen and a half millions are the poetical feature in the scheme. No one, from reading the KHEDIVE's decree, can form the remotest notion what is to become of them. We only learn that a portion of them is to be devoted to compensating the holders of the floating debt for the loss they will sustain by reason of the difference between the interest at seven per cent., which they will henceforth receive, and the rate at which the advances were actually made. How much is to be paid on this head, and what is the real amount of the floating debt, are facts completely shrouded in darkness. It is probable, or rather certain, that the amount of the floating debt is considerably in excess of the twenty-one millions of which Mr. CAVE was informed. Part of the fourteen and a half millions will be devoted to the repayment of this extra capital, and another part to compensation for the reduction of interest on the floating debt generally. Further, the KHEDIVE may be trusted to have reserved for himself a share not incommensurate with his princely views. Mr. CAVE, in his calculations, thought that a million sterling must be added for the Abyssinian war; but the Abyssinian war is even now not concluded, and the KHEDIVE would naturally like to have a little ready money to start with on his new career of virtue, besides being able to pay for his little war and other casual expenses. Then great financiers do not go through all the trouble of helping the KHEDIVE to frame a scheme without some reward for their trouble. The fourteen and a half millions will therefore soon melt away, and as the existing bondholders will never know what becomes of the amount, their best hope is that the framers of the scheme have treated themselves with sufficient liberality, and that the floating debt will be really cleared off by the issue of the new stock. At the same time they will now understand the meaning of the telegrams which have lately reached England to the effect that the KHEDIVE has lately been working cordially with the French financiers. They, as the great holders of the floating debt, have been bargaining with the KHEDIVE as to the extent of the more ornamental and poetical part of the new issue. He has been looking out for himself; and the end of the discussion is that it is the will of Heaven that fourteen and a half millions should be tacked on to the issue, and that the outer world should have no information as to the mode of its distribution.

If the floating debt is really extinguished, the KHEDIVE well started, and the framers of the scheme made reasonably happy by the new issue, then the bondholders will wish to know whether the promised interest and sinking fund can be paid for the future, and, if it can, whether it will be paid. The total annual charge is 6,443,600*l.*; but from this is to be deducted the sum of 684,111*l.*, which the Daira is to contribute, and Mr. CAVE stated in his Report that the Daira could well bear such a charge. The net sum to

be provided annually is 5,759,189*l.* The sources of revenue from which this sum is to be derived are set out in detail, and we learn how much is to come from each source. The total is 30,000*l.* more than is needed, which is very convenient; and it must be owned that the KHEDIVE is very fortunate to possess distinct sources of revenue the value of which he knows to a fraction, and which, when the whole debt has been fixed after prolonged bargaining at an arbitrary figure, give precisely the right amount to meet the current charges. Mr. CAVE showed, with some hesitation, that the revenue of the country would suffice to provide 4,700,000*l.*, which was the amount of the annual charge payable under his scheme. The revenue has now to meet almost exactly a million more, but still it can bear it. A revenue that could not bear an extra odd million of charge would not be the sort of revenue the KHEDIVE would like to have in his country. The operation of the Moukalalah is to cease, and although this will prevent a great reduction in the revenue hereafter, it will cause a diminution of a million and a half of current receipts. Apart from the Moukalalah receipts, Mr. CAVE estimated the revenue at nine millions, and the expenses of the KHEDIVE, if he would consent to go upon a short allowance and keep to it, at four millions. With the balance of five millions, the KHEDIVE, in his airy way, orders five millions and three-quarters to be paid. Bondholders would be more than sanguine who expected the full interest on the new debt to be regularly paid, and they would probably be quite content if they were sure that six or even five per cent. would be paid regularly instead of the seven promised. If Mr. CAVE's figures are to be taken as tolerably accurate, if the revenue is a real revenue and the taxes have not been augmented by extortion beyond what the people can bear, and if the KHEDIVE will keep within his limit of four millions, which includes his payment to the English Government and the tribute to the Porte, the bondholders, even now that the total of the debt has been swollen to ninety-one millions, ought to get five per cent. Will they get it? It cannot be said that the KHEDIVE has not taken some precautions on their behalf. He is to appoint a Commission of competent foreigners, to whom all the assigned revenues will be paid, and the head collectors of these branches of revenue are to receive their quitances solely from the new Commissioners. This offers no safeguard against the various collectors of taxes stopping a portion of what they collect on its way to the Treasury; but it does ensure that the sums acknowledged to have been collected shall be appropriated for the benefit of the bondholders. The bondholders would therefore have something definite to look to for their interest, if they could only be sure that the KHEDIVE had done once for all with borrowing. But there is enough to make them unhappy in the concluding paragraphs of the KHEDIVE's decree. In the first place, under circumstances of great urgency, the KHEDIVE is to be allowed to make exceptional loans, although without encroaching on the assigned revenues, provided that the Commissioners assent to his doing so. What would happen if they refused their assent can only be guessed; but it is obvious that, if the Commissioners could forbid his borrowing under very urgent circumstances, they would really dictate the policy he should pursue at every serious crisis, and the KHEDIVE has repeatedly declared that he will not allow any one to dictate what his policy shall be. In the next place, the KHEDIVE, for his current needs, is to have a banking account which he may overdraw to the extent of two millions sterling in the year. These two provisions certainly open new vistas of a fresh floating debt, and are enough to inspire the bondholders with grave apprehension. Probably the KHEDIVE has wished, while providing as far as practicable for his own convenience, to give his various creditors as much as he saw his way to giving them. But the result for the holders of the existing funded debt is very far from satisfactory.

BARRISTERS AND CLIENTS.

MR. NORWOOD'S Bill for rendering barristers liable to actions for negligence will probably be the subject of an annual motion. When the measure is next introduced it will be judicious to alter its title. It is irritating to any class which may at any time be threatened with hostile legislation to receive an ironical assurance that the proposed change is designed for its benefit. Mr. Norwood

has, probably without any malicious intention, imitated the deliberately offensive phraseology of the Liberation Society. The Dissenting ministers and others who desire on public grounds to deprive the Established clergy of their revenues and their position indicate by a standing joke in the title of their Association a dislike and jealousy of which some of them are perhaps unconscious. They well know that the clergy of the Church of England share with the laity of all denominations a dislike to projects for liberating or relieving them of their incomes and of other material advantages. It is also notorious that the whole body of members of the Church are, with few exceptions, opposed to the plan of their sectarian adversaries; but the managers of the Association cannot resist the temptation of a sneer. The Bar of England is also in some quarters an object of envy and dislike. Mr. Norwood, who spoke in excellent tone and temper, may be acquitted of any ill-will to the profession; but he will perhaps reflect on a future occasion that a proposal unanimously rejected by the Bar need not purport to be an enabling Bill in their favour. It was stated in the course of the debate that there are fraudulent solicitors who cheat young barristers out of their fees; but it may be hoped that the practice is not widely extended. A solicitor is not likely to perpetrate a dishonest act for the benefit of his client; and, if he has himself received counsel's fees, he would, if he appropriated them to his own use, approach dangerously near to the clutches of the criminal law. Mr. Norwood, indeed, has no reason for abolishing the old theory of honorary payments, except that a power of recovering fees implies a corresponding liability. It is scarcely worth while to prove, in jest or in earnest, that barristers work for the purpose of earning money, and not, like old Roman patricians, for the protection of dependents who were originally called clients, and for the promotion of their own political influence. Negotiation on the amount of fees is a vicious practice; but it cannot be touched by the law. When a fee has been accepted, no barrister ought to allow his clerk to suggest to the client the propriety of an increase.

The entire unanimity of the Bar, though it may not be conclusive as to the merits of Mr. Norwood's Bill, deserves consideration. The risk which would attend unqualified liability for mismanagement would be intolerable, and in the highest degree unjust. A solicitor can always cover his own responsibility, when legal difficulties arise, by taking the advice of competent counsel. The barrister would not be able to devolve the liability on any higher authority. Some of the opponents of the Bill perhaps laid too much stress on the tendency of Mr. Norwood's measure to affect the independence of the advocate; but under its operation nervous barristers would perhaps defer more habitually than at present to the instructions of solicitors. The old story about the late Justice WILLIAMS was an oddly chosen illustration of the evils which might result to a client from the pliancy of his counsel. According to the legend, a prisoner was hanged because his counsel, in deference to the urgency of the attorney, had, against his own judgment, asked a question which proved fatal to the defence. If the story had been true, the counsel ought to have taken the whole blame on himself, and he could certainly have found no excuse in the rejected Bill of Mr. NORWOOD, who may perhaps not have been born at the time. As a general rule, solicitors and counsel co-operate with sufficient harmony, each yielding to the advice of the other on the points on which the supporter of the prevailing opinion is more competent to form a sound decision. As far as the exercise of skill and judgment is concerned, litigants would derive no practical advantage from a power to sue the counsel who might have been employed in their cases. In their own interests, if from no higher motive, barristers do their best to ensure success to their clients. Mistakes are unavoidable, but it is the fault of those who dispense the patronage of the Bar if habitual blunderers enjoy continued opportunities of displaying their incapacity. The English system which interposes a solicitor between client and counsel materially affects the alleged need for legal protection to the party in the cause. The advocate is chosen by a skilled agent, who is bound to exercise his discretion for the benefit of his principal.

Although the Bill would render barristers liable for any kind of professional negligence, the complaint which was really preferred related entirely to failure of attendance. There were at least two strong objections to the measure. It would not have abated the evil against which it was directed; and, if it would have been effective, it was not

necessary for the purpose. Solicitors are not compelled to employ the counsel whose services are in the greatest demand. There are always many competent practitioners who would certainly not be absent when a case in which they were retained came on for hearing. It is by deliberate choice that solicitors prefer to obscure merit the reputation of the SCARLETT or FOLLETT of the day. It may perhaps sometimes be for the interest of their clients to secure the probable exertion of the highest ability in their favour, and the certainty that it will not be engaged on the other side. One of the opponents of the Bar made a curious apology for the solicitors who, in deference to the prejudices of their clients, retain a too popular counsel. It was, he said, difficult for a young and struggling solicitor to resist the fashion, or to incur the responsibility of preferring an advocate of inferior reputation. It is not necessary to counteract professional weakness by an Act of Parliament, which, after all, would probably be inoperative. Nothing would be easier than for great advocates to contract themselves out of any measure which might be passed for the purpose of confining them to a limited number of cases. A leader of the Bar who declined to take a retainer except on the implied condition that his attendance should be contingent on circumstances would find that his business was not at all affected by the Act. Experienced counsel are well aware that in the majority of cases a solicitor is offended by the refusal or return of a brief. If he insists on his demand of exclusive service, he can always require a promise that his case shall be preferred to all competing engagements. As such an assurance would not be given by a leading counsel in large practice, both the solicitor and the client have notice of the possibility of what is undoubtedly a serious inconvenience. It is not easy to understand the process by which attendance could be absolutely secured. Neither solicitor nor counsel can control the arrangement of business or foresee the order in which cases may be brought forward. At the Guildhall sittings causes are transferred from one Court to another at the shortest notice, and the barrister who may have been fully prepared to appear in three or four successive cases is helplessly embarrassed when they are all simultaneously tried. Mr. NORWOOD says that the Chancery Bar are not liable to censure. It is true that for many years Queen's Counsel have confined themselves to a single Court of Equity; but it is doubtful whether the rule will long survive the changes in the conduct of business which result from the Judicature Act. There is some reason to suppose that, when Mr. NORWOOD introduces his Bill next year, he will have to include the Equity Bar in his censure.

It would be absurd to contend that some of the practices which were noticed in the debate are defensible; and it may be hoped that they are not common. There can be no excuse for a breach of special promises which need not have been made if there were a doubt whether they could be kept. In the more ordinary case of a retainer which is given and accepted on the understanding that absence is possible, the client has obtained that for which he bargained. Solicitors, who are also liable to be troubled by conflicting engagements, have the comparative advantage of being able to discharge many of their duties by deputy. A managing clerk often commands as full confidence as his principal, and matters of routine can safely be entrusted to less experienced hands. A barrister must either do his work himself or leave it to the care of his junior, or in some instances to that of a substitute selected for the occasion. The practice of giving briefs to friends to hold may easily degenerate into an abuse. The monopoly of favour which is enjoyed at the first start in the profession by the relatives of solicitors would not be satisfactorily corrected by dependence on the patronage of the leaders of the Bar. There are anomalies in the profession, but they for the most part lie out of the reach of the Legislature.

FRANCE.

THE return of the deputies to Versailles finds the advanced Republicans in a somewhat better temper with the Government than they were before the recess. M. RICARD's words are regarded as better than his deeds, and when words take the form of circulars to prefects they have pretty much the significance of deeds. M. RICARD has called upon the mayors who were not members of the Municipal Councils at the time of their appointment to

send in their resignations; he has made new and liberal regulations with regard to the hawking of newspapers; and he has delighted the Republicans and proportionately irritated the Bonapartists by directing the prefects to lend themselves neither to equivocation nor to complaisance. Now under the late Administration a prefect's principal duties were to equivocate about the Republic and to be complaisant to the Bonapartists. Marshal MACMAHON's name furnished a convenient way of escape from the necessity of defining the political system which the prefect represented; and if he was ever compelled to use the obnoxious word, he was careful to show in the next sentence that to serve a Republic was in no respect the same thing as to be a Republican. A prefect's enthusiasm, so far as it dealt with ideas and not with persons, was carefully kept for that peculiarly conservative policy which consisted in discrediting existing institutions, in the hope that, amid the confusion consequent on their overthrow, the Imperialist position would somehow be improved. Under the system which M. RICARD has now imposed on his subordinates, a prefect will no longer be able to reserve his favours for those who wish to displace the Government of which he is the representative. M. RICARD says, quite correctly, that for several years past persons appointed to conduct the business of the country have thought themselves at liberty, without any dereliction of duty, to maintain their personal opinions and to promote any cause which they might prefer to that of the Republic. The ratification of the Constitution by the votes of the electors has made this no longer allowable. For the future the prefects must declare plainly who and what they are. It is not necessary, indeed it is hardly permissible, that they should ally themselves with a particular political party; for the representatives of the Republic, like the Republic itself, should be above party. But, on the other hand, they must no longer treat the acceptance of the Republic as an open question on which political parties may lawfully take opposite sides. The interval in which the Republic was merely one of several candidates for the national confidence has come to an end. The Republic is now the legal Government of France, and it will assert all the rights which belong to it in that character.

It remains to be seen whether the satisfaction which this language has given to the Left will convert them into active supporters of the Government. M. RICARD has made himself so many enemies in the Right, and especially among the Bonapartists, who are the strongest element of the Right in the new Chamber of Deputies, that he will probably need all the support that he can obtain; and from this point of view it becomes important to know how far the votes of the Left can be depended on. They may be dissatisfied with much that the Minister does without any harm necessarily coming of it; but if they allow their discontent to go the length of a coalition with the Right against the Government, the situation would at once become serious. So far as probabilities go, there is no reason to expect anything of the kind. Allowance must be made for a certain number of Irreconcilables, who would think themselves forsaken men if they voted for any Ministry of which they did not themselves form part. But there is no union between these men and M. GAMBETTA, and so long as this is wanting the Irreconcilables are not really formidable. M. GAMBETTA's attitude towards them since the elections has been that of a leader who does not wish to break with them until he cannot help it, but who perfectly understands that there is a point at which, if they insist on passing it, he will have no choice but to break with them. He recognizes that it is the duty of an Opposition leader to criticize the Government policy, and he so far defers to the extreme wing of his party as to make his criticisms as severe as he can without compromising interests of real importance. But the Left which M. GAMBETTA leads in the Chamber of Deputies is a very different body from the Left in the old Assembly. It is a homogeneous party, instead of being a mere agglomeration of sections, each distrusting the other as much as its avowed adversaries. In the new Left neither the Left Centre nor the Irreconcilables have the importance which belonged to them in the Assembly. At that time, notwithstanding all the calculations that had been made and all the indications afforded by the by-elections, the precise feeling of the country towards the Republic remained to some extent uncertain; and, until the elections had cleared up this point, it was possible that the Left Centre or the Irreconcilables might turn out stronger than was expected. Since the elections there is no longer any room

for doubt as to what the majority of the constituencies really desire. They are Republicans of a more decided hue than the Left Centre, but of a very much paler tint than the Extreme Left. This was foreseen by M. GAMBETTA at least two years before the dissolution, and his policy throughout the latter days of the Assembly was chiefly directed to gain the confidence of an electorate presumably animated by this temper. Now that the event has proved that France is of the precise political complexion which he believed her to be, it is not likely that he will do anything to forfeit the reputation for moderation which he has taken so much pains to establish.

It is quite consistent with this view that M. GAMBETTA's attacks on the Government should have related to matters on which the difference between him and them has been only one of degree, or to matters on which Opposition criticism seldom possesses much weight. The removal of the prefects is an instance of the former kind. How many dismissals M. GAMBETTA would have liked to see dealt out it is impossible to say; but, inasmuch as M. RICARD was disposed to make the list a small one, no great responsibility was incurred by maintaining that it ought to have been larger. It is pretty well understood that, when an Opposition demands and obtains a sacrifice, it is bound to find fault with the proportions of the victim. Again, M. GAMBETTA, or at least his organ, has been a good deal occupied of late in picking holes in the Duke DECAZES' administration of foreign affairs. He has not published certain documents which it is alleged he ought to have published, and the inference which the *République Française* draws from this reserve is that he has not expressed himself with sufficient force on the Eastern question. But no one knows better than M. GAMBETTA that it is not the business of a French Foreign Minister to make any claims on behalf of his country which would give colour to the supposition that France was contemplating a departure from the policy of devotion to home needs which she has pursued with so much success since 1871. His assaults upon this or that Minister are probably nothing more than so many field days designed to wean the Left from the notion that, if an Opposition is not overthrowing a Minister, and perhaps provoking a revolution, it is doing nothing worthy of itself. How far any attack which M. GAMBETTA may hereafter make upon M. DUFRAUDE will partake of this parades character is less certain. M. DUFRAUDE's position is somewhat different from that of his colleagues in the Ministry. He was a member of M. BUFFET's Cabinet, without being a specialist like the Duke DECAZES or General DE CISSEY or M. LÉON SAY, and his natural dislike of anything that looks like insubordination led him at times to associate himself with M. BUFFET more markedly and intimately than was necessary. In a Cabinet founded on the principle of temporary coalition until a particular event has come to pass, differences of opinion, and even of policy, are too natural to require concealment, and M. DUFRAUDE would have occupied a stronger position in the Chamber of Deputies if he had not supported M. BUFFET so heartily in the Assembly. Added to this, he is disliked by the Left on account of the many stinging speeches which he aimed at them while he was a Minister before 1873. In M. THIERS's Cabinet he was the least Radical élément, and as the Left consider that the present Cabinet ought to show a marked advance on that of M. THIERS, they have some reason for objecting to M. DUFRAUDE as its head. Though it is improbable that any change will be made during the present Session, a serious attack on M. DUFRAUDE may be expected before the year is out.

THE EXTRADITION CONTROVERSY.

IF the discussion which has arisen in the case of WINSLOW ends in the temporary or permanent abolition of the Extradition Treaty, both England and the United States will incur a practical inconvenience for the exclusive benefit of the fraudulent portion of the community. Both countries will be prevented in many cases from inflicting wholesome punishment on their own criminals, and either will be compelled to extend unwilling hospitality to the fugitive rascals of the other. The temper in which the controversy has apparently been conducted by Mr. HAMILTON FISH is not surprising to those who have watched the course of American diplomacy. There is no doubt that the English Government is

hampered by a conflict of law with international obligation; and the American SECRETARY OF STATE deliberately affects to take offence, though he is well aware that no wrong was intended. The provisions of the Act of 1870 were perfectly well known in the United States long before the forgery of which WINSLOW is accused had been committed. The provision which has caused the present difficulty was inserted in the Act at the instance of the party which is more especially supposed to enjoy the sympathy of the Republicans of the United States. There can be no doubt that it limits the terms of the Treaty by rendering it impossible for English authorities to comply literally in all cases with the obligation of surrendering criminals. Mr. FISH has probably demonstrated in the correspondence, with superfluous and conclusive force, that an engagement under a treaty cannot properly be superseded by a municipal law; but he would admit that the subject or citizen of a State must at his peril obey the municipal law without inquiring whether its provisions conflict with international obligations. If the SECRETARY OF STATE were, through a too delicate regard for treaties, to issue his warrant for the extradition of WINSLOW, the prisoner would at once be released on the return of a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. The PRESIDENT, with the consent of the Senate, may probably have a right, which will not be exercised, of declaring war against England; and in the meantime the SECRETARY OF STATE is entitled to write as many disagreeable despatches as may be thought expedient. The only weak point in his case is that he must prove too much. If the Act of 1870 is invalid, as inconsistent with the Treaty, it follows that political refugees must be delivered up when they are charged with ordinary crimes. Since there is no American statute corresponding to the English Act, the surrender of a Fenian leader who might have shot a police officer could be required by the English Government; yet, if one of the Manchester murderers had succeeded in becoming an exile in America instead of a martyr in England, he would certainly not have been practically liable to extradition. Some years before the Civil War a slave escaped from one of the Southern States to Canada, after killing his master, who had attempted to prevent his flight. The English Government refused to surrender the fugitive, because the act of which he was accused had been performed in vindication of his natural right of freedom.

The sympathy which has been expressed by some English Liberals for the supposed wrong of which the American Government complains is not a little capricious and inconsistent. A few years ago no precaution was thought too stringent for the purpose of securing political criminals against extradition. Mr. MILL, and those who shared his democratic or revolutionary sympathies, thought that the only sufficient safeguard was that which was at a later period embodied in the Act. It is true that their jealousy was mainly directed against the Imperial Government of France, while their successors are anxious to conciliate irritable Republicans in the United States. Some zealous partisans have hastily adopted the American interpretation of the English Act, in opposition to the advice which has been given to the Government by the Law Officers. It might have been thought that the positive prohibition of surrender in all cases where the fugitive was not protected by law or arrangement against trial on a different charge was too plain to admit of dispute. In the 3rd Section, subsection 2, there is no such qualification as "except as hereinafter provided." If there had been any other part of the Act which purported to be inconsistent with the direct enactment, a Court would have determined the doubt in favour of the accused person. A question has nevertheless been raised on the words of the 27th Section, which is indeed expressed with customary awkwardness and apparent ambiguity. By the 27th Section the former Extradition Acts are repealed as to the whole of HER MAJESTY'S dominions. The only remaining power of extradition is conferred by the rest of the section. It was elsewhere provided that future extradition treaties should be brought within the Act by Order in Council. As to existing treaties, "This Act, with the exception of anything contained in it which is inconsistent with the treaties referred to in the Acts repealed" (of which the Treaty of the United States is one), "shall apply in the case of the foreign States with which these treaties are made in the same manner as if an Order in Council had been made in pursuance of this Act. and as if such Order had directed that every law

"and ordinance which is in force in every British possession with respect to such treaties should have effect as part of this Act." The contention that the 27th Section virtually repeals the 3rd Section is not a little paradoxical. If the effect of the 27th Section is to provide for the unconditional surrender of accused persons, the prohibition in the 3rd Section of surrender except on conditions becomes wholly inoperative. The purpose of the 27th Section was to put existing treaties on the same footing with future treaties to which the Act might be applied by Order in Council. The exception purports rather to limit than to enlarge the scope of the provision, and yet by a forced interpretation it is made to incorporate in the Act all the clauses of the Treaty. It cannot be decorously assumed, though it may be privately believed, that the framer of the Act thought that one of its most positive and distinct provisions was inconsistent with the international obligation created by the Treaty; yet, unless the 3rd Section is included in the exception of the 27th Section, the whole Act, including the 3rd Section, is applied to the United States. Although the draftsman of the Bill has, according to custom, done his utmost to create confusion and obscurity, the general effect of the Act scarcely admits of reasonable doubt. Parliament, for reasons which were thought sufficient, passed a law which deprived the Government in certain cases of the power of fulfilling an international obligation. The proper course would have been to call the attention of all the Governments which had extradition treaties with England to the decision of the Legislature. As the precaution was neglected, the Government must take the consequences of having given the United States the satisfaction of a grievance. It was probably supposed that there would be no difficulty in obtaining from a Power which has always jealously maintained the right of asylum some legal or informal assurance which would have satisfied the conditions prescribed in the 3rd Section. It ought to have been known that the President had no power of controlling the action of State or Federal Courts of Justice. If the American Legislature had passed an Act prohibiting the trial of a surrendered criminal on a new charge, it would still have been necessary to obtain similar enactments by the several States.

The limitation imposed by the 3rd Section of the Act of 1870 on the power of extradition is evidently too large. There would be no reason for declining to satisfy Mr. Fish by a repeal of the section if any other security existed for the protection of political fugitives. On one occasion a criminal surrendered on one charge by the United States was tried on another charge in England. If there had been an American law corresponding in terms with the Act of 1870, either the criminal would not have been surrendered or he would not have been liable on a new charge. It seems not to be beyond the scope of legislative ingenuity to frame a clause which might by consent be inserted in a new extradition treaty. Probably the simplest course would be to secure immunity to political fugitives, and to leave to either Government on its own side a discretion to determine whether a criminal claimed for extradition was to be included in the political category. There is no reason why the American Government and Legislature should raise vexations objections to a reasonable compromise. Their own policy with respect to the right of asylum is identical with that of England; and both countries have a common interest in facilitating the prosecution of ordinary criminals. It is a mistake to balance the mischief of surrendering a political fugitive against the evils which would follow the abrogation of the extradition treaties. In England and in the United States public opinion would condemn with irresistible force any legislation which seemed to infringe on the principle of an inviolable asylum for political offenders.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SOME time was wasted in Tuesday's debate on the Royal Academy in discussing whether that body was amenable to Parliamentary control. Whatever may have been the circumstances under which the institution was originally established, the arrangements which have since been made by agreement between the Academy and the Government settle the question as to the right of the latter to exercise some kind of supervision; and it may be believed that the members of the Academy themselves are well aware of the suicidal effect of re-

pudiating the public character of their society. It is rather idle to say, as MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE did, that the House of Commons has no more right to interfere with the Royal Academy than with any other body of gentlemen in the country. Masters of foxhounds are exempt from official supervision because they are engaged in a private amusement; but the Academy has no right to be an Academy at all except on public grounds. The real question is, whether there is any reason for bringing external pressure to bear on the management of the Academy, and, if so, in what way this can be effected without doing more harm than good. Sir C. DILKE, with a certain degree of perception and fussy activity, appears to be incapable of bringing general principles into logical relation with practical proposals. He lately attacked a number of local bodies on the strength of the loose gossip which he had picked up during a pleasure tour; and he now arraigns the Royal Academy in the preamble of a Resolution as grossly neglectful of its duties, and winds up with a weak proposal for an Address to the Crown for copies of various documents published by foreign Governments. It is obvious that, if the organization of the Academy is really as bad as Sir CHARLES asserts, this would be a very ineffectual remedy. It is true that the Academy has not carried out all the recommendations of the Royal Commission of 1863, but it has carried out some of them; and the House of Commons itself has often set the example of dealing very freely with the Reports of Commissions.

As to the general question of the efficiency of the Academy, the first point is of course to ascertain what the Academy is expected to do. The pedantic pretensions with which it was started, with a staff of Professors of Ancient History and Literature and Secretaries for Foreign Correspondence, never had any real vitality, and have long ceased to be anything but empty forms. The functions of the Academy at the present moment may be said to comprise those of a school of art, a charitable foundation, an exhibition, and a corporation for the distribution of honours and the official representation of art. And, on the whole, it discharges these duties, if not in all respects with perfect success, at least without egregious failure. The members of the Academy not only give up to teaching an amount of valuable time which would perhaps surprise those who have but a vague idea of the working of the body, but also spend upon the school some 5,000*l.* a year. It is absurd to say that, because some artists have risen to distinction without having been trained by the Academy, the Academy is of no use. Genius does not always turn up exactly in the soil where it might be expected; but the Academy school can show very respectable results. Again, the charities of the Academy have apparently been managed satisfactorily; and if there has been delay in carrying out certain bequests, it has been from practical difficulties, and not from any lack of good intentions on the part of the Academy. As an official representative of art, the Academy has been, at least in recent years, somewhat weak; but this is a temporary and accidental circumstance. Perhaps, however, the critical question is as to the management of the annual Exhibition, and the distribution of honours. In regard to the latter, there does not appear to be much ground for the outcry which is raised from time to time. Some years ago there was no doubt a very narrow and prejudiced temper on the part of the majority of the Council, and there are still some traces of a want of sympathy with the higher and more original forms of art. The Academy discredited itself when it admitted commonplace artists while such men as COOKE, LEIGHTON, and others were kept outside the doors. But it is only fair to observe that this obtuseness lasted only for a time; and it can hardly be seriously contended at the present moment that, with the exception of a few artists who have for their own reasons deliberately held aloof from the Academy, that body does not contain, on the whole, fair representation of artistic capacity. It may possibly be desirable in the Academy, as in the army and navy, to quicken the flow of promotion; but, allowing for the ordinary weaknesses of human nature, the distribution of honours in art is about as impartial as could be expected.

In filling up vacancies in the Academy or any other corporation it is inevitable that there should be occasional mistakes; and the same remark applies to the exhibition of pictures. There is no substantial proof of the charge that the Academy is guilty of jealousy or favouritism in the selection of pictures. The members no doubt monopolize somewhat too much space as a matter of right; but, apart from this

rather excessive provision for themselves, they appear to be sincerely anxious to get together as good a show as possible; and it is their interest to do so. Here, again, blunders will of course occur, especially as long as the work of judging is performed in the same hasty and superficial manner as at present; but, as a rule, a good picture has always a fair chance. If there is a fault in this part of the Academy's work, it is mainly, we should say, in its overflowing good nature. There is much kindly feeling among artists, and Academicians, like other privileged persons, naturally wish to conciliate the outside community, who might otherwise be their enemies, as far as they can. The larger the number of pictures which are accepted, the stronger is the external support; and thus the interests of art are apt to be sacrificed to social expediency. In his evidence before the Commissioners of 1863 Mr. WATTS pointed out the root of the evil. "The Academy," he said, "has always been apathetic; I do not see its influence on our architecture or our taste in any way 'whatever.'" This indifference is perhaps what Mr. CARTWRIGHT the other night called "catholic taste," and Mr. GLADSTONE "diffusive liberality." The Academy is nowadays not the only Exhibition open to artists, and in order to justify its position, it ought to set itself resolutely against all contributions except those of a high class. It is not enough that the Exhibition should make a bright, pretty show; it ought to express the deliberate and serious critical judgment of competent and trustworthy judges on the art of the day, and anything below a certain standard of merit ought to be rigidly rejected. Just now more than a third of the space at Burlington House is covered with mere rubbish, bad in drawing, bad in colour, and imbecile in invention. This is injurious, not only because official countenance is thus given to a low and unwholesome style of art, but because the crowding of every spare inch of surface with miscellaneous pictures of the most diverse and antagonistic kinds is damaging to the effect of good works and confuses the taste of the spectators. A body like the Royal Academy, if it is to exercise its functions satisfactorily, ought to have the courage to take high ground.

The general conclusion would seem to be that, as far as the present machinery of the Academy is concerned, it would do very well if it were worked in a proper spirit. It is not an increase of numbers that is wanted, for this would probably tend rather to lower than to elevate the body, but a more ambitious and resolute spirit. An Academy exhibition ought not to be a mere bazaar for the sale of pictures or a fashionable lounge. It ought to do something to educate the taste both of the profession and of the public; and, though it ought to behave liberally in regard to novelty or even eccentricity of idea or treatment, there is a low range of art, trivial, mechanical, and without ideas, from which it ought to separate itself absolutely. We doubt whether this nobler spirit is likely to be infused into the Academy by any Parliamentary interference. It must come from a general rise in the spirit of the profession; and the most effective way of cultivating it would be by an increase of taste and judgment on the part of the classes who buy pictures. As long as a large majority of the patrons of art are ignorant and vulgar, ignorance and vulgarity in art, as in other things, will find their market and the inferior kinds of work will swamp the higher. The Academy has it in its power to do much in the way of diffusing sound ideas on art generally. As Mr. BERESFORD HOPE remarked, it ought not to be merely an Academy of painting and sculpture. It has indeed recognized architecture, but not in a cordial or sufficient way; and even then, the range of art is not complete so long as designers of art workmanship, architectural carving, glass-painting, and mural decoration are excluded. Of course any attempt to introduce these branches under the existing system of loose and careless selection, limited only by space, would be bewildering and depressing; but if the true principle of an Academy—the scrupulous choice of only the best work in each class as a standard of taste—were adopted, the general result would be a powerful stimulus to artistic feeling throughout the country. The efforts of the South Kensington Department are useful in their way, but they are necessarily weighed down by the conditions under which they must be carried on. What is wanted for the artistic elevation of England is not a vast production of mediocre art, but the cultivation of the highest aims and abilities, which are never to be found except in a small and select class, but which give the tone to the whole world of art, and keep it moving in the right direction. The practical enforcement of this principle

must be looked for, not from any formal remodelling of the constitution of the Academy, but from the growth of a more healthy opinion among artists and their patrons. The great thing at present is to keep down the mushroom growth of puerile and meretricious art, which threatens to choke the better sorts, or to bring them down to its own level.

MR. FORSTER ON THE NEW EDUCATION CODE.

MR. FORSTER'S speech at the opening of the new buildings belonging to the British and Foreign School Society at Stockwell deals with a provision of the Education Code of the present year which has not met with the attention it deserves. It is a decided advance in the direction of a change of which Mr. WALTER was for some years the prophet. Why, he used to ask, should not the principle of payment by results be applied to teachers as well as to children? The object of sending a child to an elementary school is that it should be able to read, write, and cipher. Provided that this end is attained, what does it matter by what means it is attained? At present the great majority of teachers are brought up at some training college, they pass a difficult examination in subjects different from those which they will ordinarily have to teach, and they get a certificate. If this process enables them to turn out better scholars, by all means let it be retained. But, supposing that a rougher process would be equally serviceable, why not let this have a fair trial at the same time? It is the interest of school managers to employ the teachers who get the largest number of passes and the largest Government grants; and school managers may be safely left to find out for themselves whether the teacher who has been to a training college, or the teacher who has passed at once from the form to the desk, best answers to this description. So long as the children are examined individually, and only those who satisfy the Inspector are passed, the antecedents of the teacher are a matter of no consequence. If they have been such as to disqualify him for his work, the fact will come out the first time that the Inspector visits the school. The present system is a system of protection to certificated teachers. If it is so certain that they are better than non-certificated teachers, why not leave them to make good their claim in the open field?

The answer to this plausible theory is to be found in the fact that Inspectors cannot long remain uninfluenced by the condition of the schools which they have to examine. The standard by which an Inspector judges each child that comes up before him to read a sentence or two, to write a line in a copybook, or to work a sum, may in theory be absolute, but in practice it is sure to be relative. If the best children in the schools he visits are pretty much on a level, that level will represent to him the limit of what he can in reason expect, and those who come up to it will be sure of getting passed. Consequently, it is not safe to trust to Inspectors to maintain a high standard of education in elementary schools unless good teachers are there to give them their co-operation. If the quality of teaching were generally to decline, the attainments of the children who knew enough to satisfy the Inspector would decline in proportion; and though there might come a point at which the insufficiency of the instruction would become too glaring to be passed over, a great deal of time would have been lost, and in the end the Education Department would have to restore the very machinery of certificates which is assumed to have been abolished. It is a very great mistake to suppose that anybody who can read and write himself is fit to teach reading and writing to others. Teaching is a distinct art which must itself be taught. Even if it were not so, the ability to teach is not all that is wanted when children are gathered together in school. The power of maintaining discipline is not less important, and this again, though partly the result of native capacity, can be greatly developed by good training. Even if we allow, therefore, that the mere amount of knowledge imparted would remain the same after certificates were abolished, the standard of discipline would infallibly be lowered. There would be less order and less method in schools, and thus the characters of the children would inevitably suffer, even though their proficiency were maintained. The attempt sometimes made to represent the distinction between certificated and non-certificated teachers as merely a matter of "ologies" indicates a com-

plete want of acquaintance with the essentials of good teaching in any grade. The possession of a certificate does not simply imply that the holder knows more subjects than a non-certificated teacher; it also implies that the holder has been taught in some degree how to communicate knowledge to children, and this superiority is equally valuable whether the particular knowledge to be communicated is elementary or advanced.

Since 1870 three attacks have been made upon the provision which renders the employment of trained teachers a condition of a Government grant to elementary schools. The first of these seemed at the time to be a necessary concession to the needs created by the Education Act, though the use which has since been made of the principle suggests a regret that it was introduced. Under the code of 1871 masters and mistresses not under thirty-five years of age who had been teaching for ten years, could obtain a certificate of general efficiency from the Inspector, and could present thirty children in their school for examination, of whom not less than twenty could pass in the second or some higher standard, were excused training and examination, and given a third-class certificate which held good for a year. In 1874 the present Government extended this privilege by reducing the age to thirty for women teachers, and requiring only twenty children to be presented, and fifteen to pass. The Code of the present year makes a further and serious alteration. It reduces the age after which the concession may be claimed to twenty-five alike for men and women; it only asks that they shall have been teaching in a school for five years; and it is satisfied if fifteen children out of the twenty presented pass, and that in the very lowest standard. Whatever reason there may have been for relaxing the requirements of the department in the case of teachers who were too old to undergo an examination, and who had been teaching for a considerable length of time, there seems to be none for exempting young men and women of twenty-five from both examination and training, or for allowing them to qualify for exemption by so short a term of service as five years. The change would be more intelligible if the number of children to be presented or the proportion or character of the passes to be obtained had been raised instead of lowered. It might then have been pleaded that, though the age and the term of service had been reduced, the reduction would only take effect in the case of teachers who had shown by the number of children they had presented, the number of passes they had obtained, and the high standards in which these passes had been made, that they possessed exceptional qualifications for their work. But when the reduction of age and service is accompanied by no such increase in the number of children or passes, and by a positive reduction in the standard, this argument is altogether inapplicable. The change is then seen in its true colour, and becomes a simple concession to incompetent teachers who are too old to go to a training college, and too ignorant to pass an examination. If Mr. FORSTER's fears are justified, and managers who wish to do the thing as cheaply as they can will try to get hold of this class of teachers without a certificate, nothing can save the quality of elementary education in this country from being seriously lowered.

In so far as this change has been effected in deference to the wishes of the managers of voluntary schools, it only proves how thoroughly the friends of an institution can misunderstand its true interests. When the present cold fit about education has given place, as it is certain to do some time or other, to a revived interest in the subject, the fate of voluntary schools will be largely determined by the answer they can give to the question, Have they tended to raise the standard of instruction by maintaining a healthy rivalry with Board schools? If they have done this, a practical nation will probably congratulate itself on having attained so excellent a result by means of a machinery which, on the whole, has tended to save expense. If, on the other hand, the greater cheapness of voluntary schools has been purchased by such a decided lowering of the standard of instruction as will follow upon the disuse of certificated teachers, they will assuredly go to the wall. If the Birmingham League had desired to draft a clause which should do the greatest possible harm to Denominational schools, it could hardly have been more successful than the authors of this provision in the Code.

THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

THE Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia was opened on Wednesday, and promises to be a success, so far at least as popular enthusiasm is concerned. The Americans evidently feel that this is a great occasion, and are determined to make the most of it. The President delivered what must be regarded as, under the circumstances, a singularly modest speech. He remarked that the necessities of a new country had compelled them chiefly to expend their means upon building dwellings, factories, ships, docks, warehouses, roads, canals, machinery, &c.; but that, even under this burden, they had endeavoured to rival the older and more advanced nations in law, medicine, and theology, in science, literature, philosophy, and the fine arts. He added that, while they were proud of all they had done, they regretted that they had not done more; but their achievements had at least been sufficient to make it easy for Americans to acknowledge superior merit wherever found. That the Americans now find it easy to make this admission may be taken as an indication that they have begun to understand their own position more precisely. The tone of bravado in which they were in the habit in other days of proclaiming their intention and ability to whip creation rather suggested want of confidence as to what might happen in the event of their capacity being tested, and a desire to substitute assertion for proof. Every one must admit that America is a great country; but it has had to learn that it does not combine all the elements of greatness, and that, if it is strong in some points, it is weak in others. A Correspondent of the *Daily News* has given a description of the opening day at Philadelphia, which in some respects perhaps might be applied to the present condition of the country. The Centennial Exhibition is a great design, apparently as yet imperfectly developed. On Wednesday all the principal buildings in Philadelphia were, we read, covered with flags. The fronts of many private houses were also elaborately decorated; but "the mud beggars all description." "For half-a-mile and more around the Exhibition grounds everything is new; the streets are half-paved; the walks unfinished. Here the deep red mud renders the roads almost impassable; and many of the avenues are unfinished." This is not a bad picture, in some ways, of the condition of the United States. There has been a great scheme of national life, much enterprise and energy have been displayed, and a huge and showy edifice has been run up; but one cannot help noticing the want of finish and the miry paths. The "mud beggars all description," and the sense of national greatness scarcely compensates for the prevalence of social roughness and discomfort. A new country has many advantages, but it lacks the smoothness and steadiness of life of an older one, which has digested its experience, and settled down into fixed habits and convictions. It would be unfair to fasten upon the political and other scandals which have been disclosed in sad succession in recent years as a fair sample of the general state of society; but there can be no doubt that, among much that is noble and sound in American life, there is also much that is mean and dirty. The Erie Ring, Tweed's case, the Beecher case, Belknap's case, and the other disorders which have lately been exposed do not show what, in American phrase, is called a clean record. These things find no place in the Centennial Exhibition, but they can scarcely be kept out of sight of visitors to the States. The truth is that the period of fermentation is still going on. The yeast has been working briskly, and one day there will be a fine liquor, but for the present there is a good deal of unsavoury froth and refuse to be worked off.

There was a little incident at the ceremony of Wednesday which shows that the Americans are becoming liberal and tolerant in various ways, and that, though staunch in their Republicanism, they are rapidly getting over any prejudice against a monarch. It appears that the Emperor of Brazil shared with the President of the United States the honours of the occasion. The Emperor was there only in a private capacity, but this did not prevent him from taking up what is called a prominent position. The Americans would seem to be just now deriving intense enjoyment from the close study of an Emperor in the flesh, and feel rather elated by the presence of such a personage even as a casual and temporary importation. It is natural that, as a guest, the Emperor should be politely received; but there is evidently also a certain fascination in his rank which acts upon the public, and it is, to say the least, curious to find the Emperor joined with the President in the ceremonial of the day. In the Machinery Hall, we are told, the President and the Emperor together laid their hands on the levers of Collis's great sixteen hundred horse-power steam-engine, and, as they turned it with united grasp, the whole vast collection of machinery started into life. There is certainly no likelihood of Dom Pedro seeking to extend his dominions in this direction, but General Grant has himself been suspected of Imperial aspirations, and a permanent President might come to be very like an Emperor. That the Republicanism of the United States should ever be shaken may seem at the present time an extremely wild and foolish speculation; but stranger things have happened in the world, and it must always be remembered in reference to the States that the population is not of a homogeneous and continuous race, but varies in its elements from time to time according to the flow of immigration. It can hardly be said that the immediate effect of the introduction of new blood from Ireland and elsewhere has been of a strengthening or purifying kind; and though there is, it may be hoped, a sufficient power of healthy reaction in the

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general body of the people to make head against evil tendencies, it would be idle to pretend that these do not exist. The progress of the United States has been so rapid, and down to the time of the civil war so uninterrupted, that it is no wonder the people should have had their heads turned a little by such unparalleled success, and should have imagined that the conditions under which they had achieved it would continue for ever. In the flush and elasticity of lusty youth, free from the anxieties and restraints of older and more complex societies, they exulted in their strength, and took no thought of the morrow. They have now, however, begun to learn from sad experience that young communities cannot expect to be always young, and that, as they grow up, they must be prepared to confront the difficulties and perils of a more mature condition. Till within a comparatively recent period the American Republic has had almost everything in its favour—a virgin soil, abundant food, and plenty of elbow-room; primitive and simple habits such as lead to savings, and an exemption from the ruinous cost of standing armaments. The civil war, though it shook the country at the time, stimulated its energy, and, when the war was brought to an end, a new period of prosperity set in. This has now been discovered to have been somewhat artificial, and the country has had to find its level. The truth is that the Americans have been moving too fast, and have not allowed time enough for the consolidation either of their political or commercial system. The problems with which older countries are troubled have already arrived, or are beginning to appear on the horizon. The questions of Protection or Free-trade, of capital and labour, of education, will have to be worked out there as they have or are now being worked out in England and various other European countries.

There is no reason to suppose that a nation so alert and spirited will break down under the responsibilities which its growth and prosperity have naturally imposed on it; but the struggle will cost it much effort and anxiety, and the political system which has hitherto prevailed will require to be thoroughly purified. As the President observed, the United States has been so absorbed in its "great primal works of necessity, which could not be delayed"—that is to say, the organization of its material resources—that it has given little thought to other things. It may be hoped that the scandals of every kind which have lately come to light, though they must long before have been known to, or suspected by, most people in the States, will serve a good purpose in sobering and steadyng American character. What must strike most observers as at present the most conspicuous feature of that character is a dangerous faith in the possibility of leading two very different lives at once. It seems to be supposed that public life is to be one thing, and private life another; and that unscrupulous conduct in the former is neutralized or compensated for by general good behaviour in the latter. Whenever any bad Fisk or Tweed scandal arises, it is always pleaded that this is only one side of American society, and that there is a great body of respectable people who live quietly and honestly, and keep the community fresh. It is obvious, however, that there must be some connexion between these different classes, since they apparently do not operate in antagonism to each other, but work together in a friendly way. The respectable people seem to be quite willing that the disreputable ones should have public business as their portion, while they themselves are allowed to enjoy a snug private existence. No division of labour of this kind, however, is possible. As long as the respectables tolerate the disreputables, they are practically conniving at the malpractices of the latter, and must be regarded as responsible for them. It is quite certain that the Tweeds and Fisks and other vermin could not have flourished as they have done if there had not been some tacit encouragement on the other side. No doubt when disorders reach a climax and become insufferable, there is an outcry against the offenders; but it must have been known very well what was going on all the while, and some measures should have been taken to check it. It is often not so much what people do, or do not do, that produces evil results, as the spirit in which they act; and hence the dishonest conduct of public men in the States must be attributed in a certain degree to the countenance and toleration of the respectable classes, who in their love of ease and pursuit of a selfish material happiness are willing to compound with the rogues up to the point at which they begin to plunder too extensively. There will probably be no trace of this aspect of American life in the new Exhibition; but, as we have said, it is one which cannot be hidden or explained away. Nobody supposes that the great body of intelligent and respectable Americans in their hearts sympathize with such people as Tweed or Beecher, but they condone their practices as a matter of compromise. You can go your way, they say, and we will go ours; we really cannot take the trouble to look after you. And this is the cause of the hollowness of public life on the other side of the ocean. It may seem ungracious to speak of such things in connexion with such a celebration as that of the Centennial Exhibition, but no one who wishes well to the United States can doubt that, whatever may have been their advance in material prosperity, there is still a serious want of morality in their political life. And if it has been thought, in the President's words, "appropriate to bring together for popular inspection specimens of our attainments in industrial matters, agriculture, fine arts," and so on, in order that there may be "a more thorough appreciation of the excellencies and deficiencies of American achievements," it is just as well that the process of instruction should be carried all round.

THE LOVES OF A PHILOSOPHER.

AMONG the many people who have read *Sandford and Merton* and the *History of Little Jack*, there are probably few who know anything about their author, although Thomas Day's life was full of interest, and, in spite of his eccentricities, he seems to have impressed all those with whom he came in contact with a sense of singular activity of mind and honesty of purpose. It is not that there is any want of materials from which details about him can be gathered; but the books in which they are to be found are difficult to meet with, and there is no memoir which is worth reading. Richard Lovell Edgeworth proposed to write the Life of his friend, an undertaking which, unfortunately, as happened also in the case of Dr. Darwin, fell into hands far less competent to perform the task. The information which Edgeworth had collected he gave to Mr. Keir, observing at the same time:—"The anecdotes I send you are very few; but they are all I could select to suit your plan, as we differ so materially in our ideas of private biography. You believing that nothing but what concerns the public should be published; I thinking that to entertain mankind is no ineffectual method of instructing them. When Mason was reproached by somebody for publishing the private letters of Gray, he answered, 'Would you always have my friends appear in full dress?'" It is not to be wondered that, holding these views, Mr. Keir wrote a very dull book, although he so far modified his opinions as to introduce an episode which he had before spoken of as "impossible." In addition to this, there is a small compilation printed in 1862, which, however, contains nothing that was not already in the possession of the public.

Thomas Day was born in London in 1748. His father, who occupied the post of Collector of Customs, died in the following year, leaving his son an estate of £1,200 a year in Berkshire, and other property, out of which his widow had a jointure of £300. If any one has ever felt inclined to call the exemplary Sandford a prig in his pursuit of knowledge, it is likely that he would apply the same term to the author of Sandford's existence. Day was the ideal schoolboy, the first, and probably the last, of the kind. He did not take bird's-nests, he gave to the poor, looked on mankind as his fellow-creatures, did not beat or hunt animals, drank water, ate vegetables, improved his mind, and never used an improper expression. He was the type of all "enfants terribles." When still in petticoats and thirsting for information, he asked his mother who the Whore of Babylon was, and, on being referred to the clergyman of the parish, obtained the answer that the figure was allegorical. This by no means satisfied the inquirer, who, after looking at his informant with contempt, exclaimed in a loud voice to his mother, "He knows nothing about it." How far the incidents in *Sandford and Merton* represent his own life at school we do not know; but many of them, we imagine, are drawn from his own experience. As a schoolboy he seems to have had the command of a good deal of money, and, as one of his friends writes to him many years afterwards, to have "found premature occasions for bestowing favours amongst persons not his equals in fortune or benevolence." This habit was continued through the whole of his life, and the little gratitude he met with may have been one of the causes of the misanthropy he displayed. After spending eight years at the Charterhouse, he went to Oxford as a gentleman commoner, where his main object is represented to have been the discovery of moral truths, and where we may picture him interrupting a lecture after the manner of Tommy:—"Sir, I am sorry to disturb you, but I shall be much obliged to you to inform me what sort of animal a camel is." It was while Day was at the University that he made the acquaintance of Lovell Edgeworth, who was at that time engaged in the experiment of educating his eldest son in accordance with the system of Rousseau. *Emile* was now and remained through life Day's guide, and the two young men formed a lasting friendship. Day, however, carried his philosophical principles further than his friend, and in his protest against the luxury of the rich and the vices of fashion, neglected both his manners and his dress, censuring, like Tommy, the fine gentlemen and ladies who knew nothing but how to dress their hair and buckle their shoes. These indeed, it will be remembered, were not Tommy's opinions until he had gone through a long course of oral instruction from Mr. Barlow; for when he told him that, though he preferred Keeper, he would have washed him and combed him until he looked as well as Jowler, his tutor rebuked him by saying that, in that case, Keeper would have grown idle, fat, and cowardly like Jowler. Under these circumstances it was a pity that the study of moral truths could not wholly content the philosopher. Unluckily a perfect woman was conceived of as possible of attainment, and therefore had to be found; and it is a distressing but well-known fact, that among the many qualities in men that have at different times excited the interest and love of women, there has never yet been reckoned high moral excellence. Nor was Day's opinion of women such as was likely to prepossess them in his favour; for he speaks of them, when he has arrived at the age of twenty-one, as that sex whose weakness of body and imbecility of mind can only entitle them to our compassion and indulgence. In the spring of 1768, the year before these sweeping comments were made, he paid a visit to Edgeworth Town, where, in spite of his manner of eating and his slovenly habits, he recommended himself after three months to Miss Edgeworth so much as to induce her to say that, if he continued for a year in the same mind, and could in that time make his appearance becoming a man of his situation in life, she might be prevailed upon to give him her hand. Accordingly Day went to London, and entered himself at the Middle Temple;

but before the close of the year the engagement had come to an end.

Nevertheless he was not to be deterred from his search for Sophie. She was to be a woman possessed of a charming disposition, of beauty, of health; with a taste for literature, science, and moral philosophy; simple in her dress, diet, and manners; fearless as a Spartan wife or Roman heroine, and willing to spend her life in the society of her husband only, and in the retirement of some perfectly sequestered country spot. This was all he wanted, but London in 1769 was sadly like London in 1876, and she was not to be found. If, however, she did not exist, she might be created; so Day, with his friend Bicknell (with whom he shared the composition of a poem called "The Dying Negro," which has the merit of having been one of the first anti-slavery productions), went off to the Foundling Hospital at Shrewsbury, where he chose a golden-haired girl of eleven as a fitting subject for his experiments. She was called Sabrina, from the Severn, and Sidney, from the patriot. But two strings were better than one for his bow; so another child of twelve years old was chosen from the Hospital in London, and named Lucretia. A house was then hired for them near Chancery Lane, and their education was begun; but the general interest shown in the experiment by friends and neighbours induced their tutor to take them to France, unaccompanied by any servant, as he wished that they should receive no communication except from himself. On his arrival at Avignon he writes to Lovell Edgeworth, and passes, as might be expected, the severest censures upon the French, inveighs against their climate, their indecency and vapidit, and their miserable subjection to the female part of the community. The girls are model pupils, such girls as never were seen at the same age, are always contented, and think nothing so agreeable as waiting upon him. An original letter from Sabrina is sent by Day as a faithful display of her heart and head:—"Dear Mr. Edgeworth,—I am glad to hear you are well and your little boy. I love Mr. Day dearly and Lucretia. I am learning to write. I do not like France so well as England. The people are very brown; they dress very oddly. The climate is very good here. I hope I shall have more sense against I come to England. I know the cause of night and day, winter and summer. I love Mr. Day best in the world, Mr. Bicknell next, and you next." Miss Seward, who disliked Day cordially, gives an entirely different picture of the foundlings. According to her, they teased him, and quarrelled with one another continually; they caught the small-pox, and Day had to play the part of nurse and sit up with them at night. They were all upset in crossing the Rhône, but as Day carried his theories on the advantages of swimming into practice, he was able to save both the girls. After an interval of eight months he came back to England, and as Lucretia was hopelessly stupid, he got rid of her, giving her, however, three hundred pounds, a sum of money which in time procured her the hand and heart of a small linendraper. With Sabrina, who is described as having long eyelashes and auburn hair, he settled near Lichfield, where the society was of no ordinary character, and where a group of eminent men gathered round Mr. Seward, who was a canon of the Cathedral and lived in the Bishop's palace. Sabrina's education was proceeded with in strict conformity with the precepts laid down in *Emile*. That youth was to display no fear of fire-arms, and with that object Rousseau recommends that powder should first be flashed in the pan, then a small charge fired, then a large one, so that gradually he might become accustomed to "détonations les plus terribles." Sabrina was not an *Emile*, and when her guardian fired pistols at her petticoats which she believed to be loaded with balls, she howled with unphilosophic terror. Nor, though doubtless Day often read to her the story of the Spartan boy and the fox, could she forbear from wincing when he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms. So far from being able to naturalize these experiments in England, by which a race of patient and submissive women might have been produced for our benefit, we regret to say that thirty years later these methods were held to be peculiar, and in Wilson's *Eccentric Mirror*, published in 1802, a special engraving is devoted to Sabrina being tired at by her tutor. The creation and education of the ideal was an uphill task. Sabrina disliked books and science, could not keep a secret, and no doubt (though we have no authority for the statement beyond Mr. Thackeray's generalizations on the subject) fell madly in love with the little boy who cleaned her shoes and fetched the coals. The end of it was that the *école des femmes* was broken up, Agnes was sent to a boarding-school, and in 1771 Arnolphe started afresh on his chase.

Mrs. Seward at this time had the charge of Honora Sneyd, a daughter of Mr. Ralph Sneyd, of Bisham, in Staffordshire. At first she did not please Day. Her arms were not sufficiently round or white—a quality he always insisted upon; no doubt in order that the impressions of sealing-wax which he proposed to make might be brought more into relief. But gradually his indifference passed away, and on the departure of Sabrina the philosopher drew up a system of life for a married couple which he submitted to her. Packets were interchanged; the rights of men were asserted to be met on her side by a dispassionate statement of the rights of women. If moral excellence were unavailing, logic might succeed. It was thus that William Godwin conducted his courtship of a second wife, and with much the same success as Day. Miss Sneyd did not like the notion of retirement, and said No; her lover behaved with a great want of stoical self-command, for he went to bed, and was bled by Dr. Darwin. Man, it must be admitted, as well as woman, is an uncertain and changeable animal. In a short time Mr. Sneyd came

to Lichfield with his other daughters, of whom Elizabeth was the youngest. In three weeks Day was in love with her, unwittingly complying with the fashion of the nineteenth, if not of the eighteenth, century, which requires that a man who has been refused by one sister should propose to the next. Elizabeth had prejudices in favour of the graces, so Day went off to Paris with his friend Lovell Edgeworth, to acquire them. "I have no prejudices, live on little, love nothing, and say all I think," was the creed of Marmontel's philosopher. But under the influence of Clarice the sage forgot himself; "the bath is a natural institution, let us bathe; the earth gives us her perfumes, let us not disdain them. 'En mangeant de tout, il déclamait contre la profusion des mets. Ah l'heureux temps, il disait, quand l'homme broutoit avec les chèvres! et il s'élevait en faisant la peinture du clair ruisseau où se désaltéraient ses pères.'" Day did not go quite so far as this, but in his endeavours to become a second Chesterfield he sadly forgot his *Emile*. He spent eight hours a day in dancing and fencing lessons, he pinched and squeezed his knees in boards in the hope of forcing them outwards. It was, however, as might have been expected, all labour spent in vain, and he returned to Lichfield more *gauche* and awkward than ever. Elizabeth gave him the same answer as her elder sister, considering the second state of her lover worse than the first. Soon after this, Lovell Edgeworth's wife died, and in the summer of 1773 he married Honora Sneyd. Day wrote a charming letter of congratulation to his friend on his marriage with his old love, in which he says:—"As to myself I can, I think, give no better picture of my own mind than what I wrote to you last winter from France; an indifference to all human affairs, an aversion to restraint and engagement and embarrassment continue to increase in my mind; so that there is great probability I am marked out by fate for an old bachelor and an humourist, destined perhaps to become very old because I am very indifferent about the matter, and to buy hobby-horses for your grandchildren; and perhaps as an old friend to the family admitted to mediate for some of the future Miss Edgeworths, when they run away with a tall ensign in the Guards or their dancing-master." Seven years later he was present at Edgeworth's marriage to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Sneyd. During the next few years he led an active life, taking a keen interest in the political controversies of the time, writing against the slave-trade, living now in his chambers in the Temple, now on the Continent or in Berkshire. Meantime Sabrina had grown up, and he determined to marry her. But alas! for the hold of reason and the influence of systematic education on the minds of women. One evening in his absence she went to a party in long sleeves, and he gave up consequently all idea of making her his wife. The episode of Sabrina sounds as if it might be introduced with effect into fiction, and another "History of a Foundling" written to delight the world. But Miss Edgeworth has not succeeded in her attempt in Belinda. Virginia St. Pierre is too weak a character to interest any one, and least of all Clarence Hervey, who in no respects resembles his prototype. Virginia is an exaggeration of Sabrina; at seventeen she is unable to write, she is indolent, romantic, falls in love with a phantom, faints at the sight of a picture, and, to sum up, is a special fool. The future career of Sabrina was commonplace enough. Some years afterwards she married Mr. Bicknell, to Day's disgust; he gave her, however, five hundred pounds, and settled an annuity upon her when she became, after her husband's death, Dr. Burney's housekeeper at Greenwich.

It is no small proof of Day's perseverance and confidence in his own mode of treatment of women that he was not prepared to abate any of his theories. The name of a girl fitted to be the mother of future heroes was submitted to him by one of his friends, when the following inquiries were made:—"Has she white and large arms?" "She has." "Does she wear long petticoats?" "Uncommonly long." "Is she tall and strong and healthy?" "Remarkably little, and not robust." The young lady in question was Miss Esther Milnes of Wakefield, at that time about twenty-four years old, and in possession of a large fortune of her own—namely, 23,000*l.* The courtship was a long one, the details of which we regret to say, have not been handed down to us. We may assume that the lover ran pins into her arms, broke her china, alarmed her with cries of fire in the dead of the night, tore her dress, fed her on vegetables, and made her learn the "Dying Negro" by heart. In spite of it all she was in love with him, passed through the ordeal successfully, and in 1778 the philosopher at last found a wife. It is not often that we are able to learn anything about the studies and thoughts of a girl belonging to a country town in the middle of the last century, and therefore the miscellanies of Mrs. Day, published by her nephew, who ultimately succeeded to her property, are not devoid of interest. The editor was not a modest youth, for he prefaches his uncle's and aunt's writings with fifty-two pages of his own, in order to increase the size of the work, and show the propriety of the motto he adopts, "Tria juncta in uno." Nor did he display in his actions that contempt for the female sex which his education should have produced. He prints some verses "Upon a Lady who repulsed me as I was going to salute her, and put on a grave and angry look":—

Oh, that I could but change my shape,
And be an insect, too,
That I might lovely Delia kiss,
And all her beauties view.

Had he read his *Sandford and Merton* attentively, instead of conducting himself in this improper manner, he would have requested leave to tell Delia the story of Polemo, or the Debauched Young Man. Had he read his *Emile*, he would

have remembered that Sophie quarrelled with her lover during their engagement, because he kissed the hem of her gown. Miss Esther Milnes was educated at "Mrs. Dennis' justly celebrated female boarding-school in Queen Square, and, like Cowley, was inspired by the muse at a very early period." Indeed she wrote nothing after the age of sixteen. We have no space to devote to either her themes or her poetry; but they show considerable cultivation and command of language. Some verses written after the purchase of *Tristram Shandy*, at the age of sixteen, are interesting as evidence of what was read by young ladies in 1768, though Bishop Porteus censured the book in question in one of his sermons, and Fordyce, in another, stigmatizes the novels of the day as the "infernal brood of futility and lewdness"; "the beautiful productions of Mr. Richardson's pen," he adds, "are the only books in the style of novel that can be read with safety and advantage"—a verdict which perhaps would scarcely be endorsed at the present day.

Mrs. Day, we have heard, on arriving at her husband's house, was taken into the kitchen, shown the uncooked constituents of a dinner, and told to get it ready. In order to accustom her to this mode of life, some wretched lodgings were taken in Hampstead by Day, where he kept no servants. He put a stop to his wife's correspondence with her Yorkshire relations, forced her to give up music, and continued his experiments on her temper; but she was a second Griselda, and acquiesced in all his vagaries. They first settled in Essex, where Day made some additions to the cottage they occupied. The late Sir Charles Monck built his house without a staircase, but we do not know that he did so intentionally. The masons asked Day where the window of a room on the first floor was to be. Could not the wall be built first, and the place for the window cut afterwards? The masons suggested that it was unusual; but Day had his own way, and three years later the house was sold without any window having been opened in that room. He next migrated to Amnigley in Surrey, where he began farming, living at the same time a life of the most complete retirement. His endeavours to benefit his fellow-creatures did not give him a better opinion of them. On being asked by one of his friends why he chose the lonely and unpleasant situation in which he lived, he replied that the sole reason was its being out of the stink of human society. He draws a picture of his own habits in the description of Chares in *Sandford and Merton*, where he says, "Amid tranquil and innocent employments my life flowed gently away like a clear and even stream." His farming was not profitable to him, for he lost 300*l.* a year by it, nor were his attempts to carry out his theories attended with more success. Considering the methods of breaking horses then in vogue to be cruel, he adopted some peculiar means of his own, the result of which was that the raw colt he was riding took fright at a farm engine by the roadside, threw him, and killed him on the spot. Mrs. Day only survived her husband two years, and died in 1791. It was during the last six years of his life, while he was hiding from the world at Amnigley, that Day wrote and published the book by which he will be long remembered. It is not necessary to be acquainted with the politics of the time to appreciate *Gulliver's Travels*, and to enjoy *Sandford and Merton* a reader need not reflect upon the social and moral lessons it is meant to inculcate. The book was published in three parts at intervals between 1783 and 1789, but we cannot find any allusions to it in the contemporary letters of that date. The fashion had just begun of writing for children, for whom there had been previously nothing except *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Arabian Nights*, and Fairy Tales. Mrs. Trimmer was reforming Brentford and writing her *History of the Robins*, which had no great sale at first, though Hannah More made an unfortunate friend buy three dozen of her books. Moral tales, however, were destined to carry the day, if we may judge from Charles Lamb's complaints long afterwards. "*'Goody Two-Shoes'* is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. 'A horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse.' Hang them; I mean the cursed reasoning crew.' He little foresaw the dismal time when, for Billy's sake, such exquisite gems as '*Cinderella*' and '*Beauty and the Beast*' were to be travestied into the vulgar monotony of social life. But *Sandford and Merton* is far from being the commonplace moral lesson. Tommy's delightful conceit and adventures are a fitting counterpoise to the terrible propriety of Harry, and the stories which are introduced, with a complete violation of time and place, are full of vigour and models of style. It is true that the respectable mother of a family little knows that she has been brought up on *Emile*, and that Rousseau still spreads his influence over her schoolroom. Nearly all the teaching of Mr. Barlow and the sentiments of Harry will be found in *Emile*; and if the character of Sophie has only been hinted at in that of Miss Simmons, it may well be that his own experience of that "imbecile sex" deterred Day from representing either Harry or Tommy in their searches after a wife.

SYMBOLICAL PAINTING.

THE Bristol riots—we fall instinctively into a formula which had a well-known and ugly meaning more than forty years back—may have the effect of setting some minds thinking on one or two points in the history of art. As almost always happens, the popular outcry, absurd as was the form it took, had really something in it; like most other popular outcries, it had got hold of a half-truth. The captain or colonel who reviled Gregory the

Great can be excused only on the theory that he is the one surviving believer in Woden; but it was not so easy to answer those who objected on historical grounds to Gregory wearing a triple crown and to Jerome wearing a Cardinal's hat. We may freely allow that there is not the least reason to believe that either of them ever wore or ever saw any such covering for the head as they are severally represented with. But it does not follow that, under some kinds of circumstances, they may not be lawfully represented as arrayed in this purely ideal fashion. Setting aside the theological madness which has been called forth by this particular case, the whole thing resolves itself into the question whether, in all times and in all places, it is necessary for painting and sculpture to represent a man as nearly as may be to his actual appearance in the flesh. The answer to this surely depends on the object of the representation. Some people are disposed to give painters and sculptors a very wide license indeed in departing from the truth of nature or history. We did once hear it argued that a painter might rightly paint Frederick Barbarossa with a black beard, if he could thereby make a more effective picture. And it was answered that it was open to him to paint any number of men with black beards, but that he had no right to call any of them Frederick Barbarossa. If a painter undertakes to paint a certain man who had a known physical peculiarity, who has even had a surname given him from that physical peculiarity, it does seem strange indeed to leave out that which has become his distinctive mark. But when it comes to peculiarities which are not personal but national, the case is less clear. For instance, a fair question for debate is supplied by those pictures of New Testament scenes in which Eastern costume and character are strictly preserved, and all who were Jews by birth are given the national look of Jews. Many people have doubtless been surprised, and even pained, at seeing subjects of this kind treated in a way to which they are so unaccustomed, even though it be a way which undoubtedly comes nearer to the historic truth of the scene. The comment will of course be that their surprise and pain arise from the treatment being different from that to which they are accustomed; that, under other circumstances, they might have been equally accustomed to the naturalistic representation, and equally displeased with any other. And this is of course strictly true; but this at once starts the whole question between conventional and naturalistic treatment. To put Gregory the Great in a triple crown and Jerome in a Cardinal's hat is certainly not naturalistic treatment. But it does not therefore follow that it is in itself objectionable.

Works of art will easily fall into two classes, those which are simply works of art and those which are works of art and something else as well. Some pictures, some statues, are simply creations of the artist's fancy. He represents a beautiful scene or a lovely face, according to a pattern in his own mind. In such cases he paints as he chooses, with no standard but that of nature before him. We may ask whether his human or animal figures are anatomically correct; we may ask whether his representation of the sky, the hills, the sea, in any given state of things is such as is physically possible. But we do not ask whether the hill that he paints has the outline of any hill that really exists; we do not ask whether the faces that he paints are like those of any actually existing human beings. Such a work is purely artistic, and is to be judged by a purely artistic standard. The artist is a poet; he invents, and may rightly invent. He may create his story, his actors, his scenery, everything that he needs. He may paint black beards or red as he thinks good; but if he paints a black beard, it is not likely that he will write the name of Redbeard under it.

But if, instead of scenes and figures of his own creation, the artist undertakes to represent something which has any kind of distinctive and separate existence, the case is changed. If, instead of a beautiful landscape or a beautiful woman out of his own imagination, he is called on to paint this or that beautiful landscape or beautiful woman, he is bound by a stricter law. His work does not cease to be a work of art; but it is something else as well. He is bound by a law of accuracy by which in the other case he was not bound. His landscape or his portrait must be like the scene or the person that he professes to represent. If it be otherwise, it may be a very beautiful picture, but it is not the picture which it professes to be. So, if the picture assumes any character beyond what is simply artistic; if it professes to be historical or devotional, commemorative or instructive in any way. In all these cases an element comes in which is analogous to the necessity that is laid on the landscape or the portrait of being like the place or person which it represents. The picture is judged, not merely by a standard of art, but by a standard of accuracy of some kind. The historical, devotional, or other commemorative picture or sculpture must be, not necessarily like the persons represented, of which there may often be no means of judging, but like some conception of them of some kind. Besides purely artistic questions, such as whether the colouring is good or the anatomy correct, each spectator judges the picture by a certain standard of likeness in his own mind. Perhaps he judges the picture according to some conception which he has already formed of the things and persons represented. Perhaps, without having any such previous conception, he forms one out of the picture itself; the picture at once approves itself to him, or at once fails to approve itself to him, as a fitting representative of the scenes or persons which are painted. In the one case, he has already an idea of the subject and its proper treatment; in the other case the picture itself—positively or negatively—supplies him with such an idea. And he judges the picture by its conformity to that idea,

however formed. And, to fall back on the instance with which we set out, there must be very few people to whom a picture of Frederick Barbarossa which showed him with a black beard would seem to be a treatment of the subject that at all answered their ideas.

The whole class of works of art which we will call commemorative must, therefore, besides the purely artistic standard, be judged by a standard of accuracy of some kind. Do they fittingly represent the subject which they undertake to represent? But what is to be looked on as a fitting representation—what, in short, is to be the standard of accuracy—admits of a good deal of questioning. Let us suppose that the artist wishes to represent an historical scene which has never been represented before. He has surely a wider choice than if he undertakes a subject which has often been treated before, and about which many people will have preconceived ideas. Above all, he will have a freer choice than he can have if he undertakes a devotional subject, or one which brings in persons or things which large classes of people look on with religious reverence. In a subject absolutely untouched the only check on his treatment is the degree of historical accuracy which may be thought necessary in treating an historical subject. This is a point on which there is fair room for differences of taste and opinion. It would probably be now agreed on all hands that some degree of accuracy, some degree of attention to the time and place where the subject is laid, may fairly be looked for. But it should be remembered that this is quite a modern notion. The artists both of the middle ages and of the Renaissance were wholly indifferent to local and antiquarian precision. Jerusalem is represented as a German or Italian town, of Gothic or Palladian architecture, according to the taste, age, or nationality of the painter. Roman soldiers are put into the chain armour of mediæval knights or into the costume of Francis the First's day. This last practice no one would follow now; no one would represent the Holy Sepulchre as watched by soldiers in English, Prussian, or Austrian uniforms. As to the representation of Jerusalem, a little more license might be allowed; few painters would think themselves bound to make an exact architectural reproduction of the real city; still they would shrink from making it exactly like modern London or Paris. In all these matters there is a wide field between making the picture an antiquarian pattern-card and bringing in any monstrously violent anachronism. But what shall we say to the painter who painted Lady Godiva—the Godgift of history—riding through a Coventry already adorned with St. Michael's spire? The anachronism could hardly be worse; yet there is something to be said for it. It was an artistic way of saying "This is Coventry, and not any other city." It was at any rate like something that really is; an attempt to reproduce the Coventry of the eleventh century might have produced something unlike anything that ever was in any time or place.

In short, to draw Lady Godiva riding by St. Michael's spire was a distinct case of symbolical painting. Let such a practice be established as the received way of treating the subject, and it becomes conventional painting. Now, when a particular way of treating a certain subject is in this way established, the custom has an historical value, even though the treatment itself cannot be historically justified. The conventional ways of representing persons, especially saintly or other famous persons, are endless. Many of them are historically inaccurate; many of them are physically impossible. Not only illuminators of service-books and makers of stained glass, but the great masters of painting, have represented holy persons with *nimbis* on their heads which are quite inconsistent with the laws of nature. The mediæval artist painted or carved the founder of a church with the church in his hand; it would be a very cold critic who would argue that he was meant to be carrying a model. On many a tomb the parents are seen, with the sons getting smaller in order behind their father, and the daughters getting smaller in order behind their mother; yet in real life the youngest child may have been the tallest of the family. In a well-known print of the installation of a Chancellor at Oxford, the hero of the day is made distinctly bigger than anybody else in the theatre; yet there is no physical law which decrees that the head of the University should always be the largest of its members. By the same instinct the sign-painter draws Charles the Second in the oak, not only larger than either his friends or his enemies, but with the crown royal set on his head. So in the illuminations to Froissart, Pope Clement and Queen Joanna of Naples are both shown on their death-beds with their crowns on their heads, and, according to the usage of the time, with nothing on but their crowns. And those who have the privilege of possessing an unillustrated copy of Stumpff's Chronicle will remember a picture of a Pope decked out in full pontifical array at a yet more unlikely moment. All this is of a piece with the ordinary symbols of saints. Nobody ever believed that St. Peter always carried a key and St. Paul a sword, or that Ignatius commonly walked about accompanied by a lion. All these are simply ways of pointing out who a person is; they are ways purely symbolical and conventional, which regard neither strict historical truth nor strict natural possibility. So to give Gregory the Great a triple crown, though the Popes certainly did not wear a triple crown in his day, is simply the shortest way of saying "This is a Pope." It is just the same as when, in pictures of the Exaltation of the Cross, Heraclius is often shown with an Imperial crown such as Charles the Fifth might have worn, but such as Heraclius certainly did not wear. But all that is meant is to say "This is an Emperor." The case is exactly the same as the case of Gregory; only theological frenzy is not likely to be awakened by the figure of an Emperor, while it is very likely to be awakened by the figure of a Pope. Had he been made with a tall

mitre, such as surmounts the arms of modern Bishops, the departure from historical costume would have been quite as marked. But in that guise he might perhaps have been endured by all save those Welshmen or Wodenites who are determined to have no Gregory at all. If Gregory may not have his conventional crown, nor Jerome his conventional hat, because they certainly did not wear them in real life, a great sweep must be made, not only of stained glass, sculptures, and wall-paintings, old and new, but of many of the greatest works of the greatest masters.

EXCURSIONISTS BY CONTRACT.

ONE sometimes alights at a foreign hotel where one falls into the midst of a queer assortment of one's own countrymen and women. They have come over in a body for a Continental tour of a certain length of time, and are now doing their Paris conscientiously. All the stock sights—Napoleon's tomb, *Père la Chaise*, the *Gobelins*, *Sèvres*, *Versailles*, the *Panorama of the Siege*, and the *Jardin des Plantes*—are gone through with precision and diligence; but they do not go to the theatres, none of them being strong in the language, and most of them knowing nothing about it at all; nor even to the *Grand Opera*, where marble and gilding, the *foyer* and the vestibules, the decorations, the music, and the rest of it, have an eloquence of their own which indemnifies the unilingual spectator for his ignorance of the libretto. They do nothing out of the beaten track marked out for them by the managing authorities of the firm or company to which they have subscribed; but go the mill-horse round in herds, obediently, as they are directed, and are perfectly satisfied with what they get for their time and tickets. At the end of the week they believe that they have done Paris as it should be done; that henceforth they too are entitled to be classed among the experienced sojourners in strange cities.

Distinct enough in personality, there is very little difference in social status among our tourist compatriots travelling in these oddly constituted batches. For the most part they belong to what we may call the lowest third of the middle classes, with here and there one or two among them a degree lower still. Very many of them speak with a broad provincial accent, and many are pure Cockney; there are some rich brogues to be heard, and some unmistakable Glasgow voices; but very few speak good English both in grammar and accent, and style is no more to be expected than the rest. Their pretensions to be held as gentlefolk are of the most meagre kind, though some of them hold up their heads and tower above the others, at least in their own conceit. These others are mostly retired tradesmen with a snug little competency which yet does not admit of extravagant expenditure, who accordingly, when they want to give their "good lady" a treat, do it with commendable foresight, and pay down the lump sum which is to take them from Charing Cross to Turin and back again, with hotel charges and sight-seeing included. Or they are young men still in business, clerks and junior partners in small concerns, who want to know more of the world than can be known even in Manchester or Liverpool, Stockton or Newcastle, or wherever else it is that they turn their honest pennies and build up their future fortunes. Sometimes they are superior artisans who have laid by a few pounds, which they think will bring them more pleasure and profit in taking them to foreign parts than in being exchanged for bad tobacco and worse beer; or they number among them the widow and daughter of a professional man who have been left only just enough to live on "genteelly," but who by close economy for a couple of years or so have saved what will take them for a fortnight or three weeks abroad, and so have been able to fulfil the dream of the elder woman ever since she was a young one, and to give the daughter the vague "advantages" held to be included in the journey. The party is sure also to include the young couple just married, who, before settling down to the warehouse in Leeds for him, and the six-roomed house with its green door and brass knocker in the suburbs for her, think that a fortnight spent on the road between Leeds and Turin will be the most delightful way of passing half the honeymoon, and giving them a charming store of memories for the future; in which perhaps they are right. But, whoever these tourists may be, they are all generally well behaved enough, if a trifle rough, and for the most part good-tempered and amenable to reasonable discipline.

Now and then, to be sure, a black sheep gets into the flock who scandalizes the hotel by drink and bad language, by late hours and rowdyism, giving the sober foreigner but a mean idea of the British milor in tweed and a flashy tie, with a brass chain and a felt wideawake. At times, too, the travellers are sour and ill-tempered; and have that odd idea—apparently ingrained in a certain kind of mind—that mounseer is a born fool and their inferior, very plainly marked in their manners and language. These are the people who stick to their British habits as a soldier sticks to his flag, and disdain to adopt any of the modes and manners in use among their temporary hosts. They drink tea in the morning, and the "kickshaws" produced at breakfast and dinner are passed by with evident disgust; but good plain beef and mutton please them, and they appreciate the fowls, if they are given to such tender diet at all. Even here, however, some among them will recall regretfully the strong-coloured legs of the English bird, and hold the foreign creature tame compared with his congener at home. Woe to the hotel-keeper with whom the "conductor" contracts who should dare to put before his insular guests *soupe à l'oseille*, or the familiar

pot-au-feu. They are at home only with the dishes to which they have been accustomed from their youth up; and the choicest dinner at the Café Anglais would fall dead upon their palate. As for the wine, whenever they can they change it for honest Bass, one glass of which they hold to be worth all the Burgundy or Bordeaux ever made; and when they drink it they draw a deep breath and say, "That's something like!" approvingly. This is the general rule; but some of them, who aim at higher things and want to be men of the world and cosmopolites without more ado, go in for all the foreign fashions wildly, and can be got to praise the vilest *piquette* that ever disgraced a table, if only they are made to believe that it is the right thing to admire it.

The women of the party are often even more extraordinary than the men; and the first thing about them which strikes the critical eye is the fearful and wonderful manner in which they are attired. On this head they may be divided into two classes—the women who despise the current fashions altogether, and those who distort them by bad copies and exaggerations. There is the "good lady" of the retired tradesman living her tranquil life in the country, where she dresses for use and not for show, and takes no heed of what the local Worth propounds; and there is the town-bred damsel who dresses for show and not for use, and who would rather have the flimsiest bit of vulgarity, if made "as it is worn now," than the best gown that could be given her if made in the fashion of a year ago. Between the two beauty has no foothold anywhere; and the impossibility of an Englishwoman's dressing herself with taste becomes an article of faith with Alphonse and Josephine, not to be removed by any after experience of *les grandes dames qui ont du chic*. Dresses of a "good travelling colour"—chiefly a dirty brown—and oddly constructed heads are the main characteristics of these women. Sometimes we see the faded face of fifty and the familiar ringlets of our youth; sometimes a huge coil of false hair is stuck on the top of the head, more like a porter's knot than anything else, giving one the uncomfortable feeling that it will slip off, being top-heavy and badly balanced; sometimes a more than middle-aged woman appears with her "four hairs" gathered into a little screw at the back of her head, with never a cap or a bow to hide the nakedness of the head; and sometimes, early in the morning, a radiant young person comes down with her multitudinous tresses elaborately puffed and frizzed and ornamented with ribbons and stars as if she were going to a ball. Or one, sadly conservative, wears her hair hanging down her cheeks in a loose braid like a rabbit's ears; one has hers frizzed audaciously in front, like the forehead of a young bull; while a third wears hers parted on the side like a man, and a fourth shows the length and thickness of hers in a flowing cascade down her back.

The more particular among them—perhaps the widow and daughter of the professional man—are very particular indeed in some ways, finding most things inferior, and very scrupulous on the score of cleanliness. They examine the plates carefully, and send them away if only a shadow falls across the white; they snuff at the eggs and have them changed on the very slightest provocation, or on none; they turn and twist their *petit pain* on all sides, and scrape away the smallest spot as if it were so much poison left on the crust; giving you to understand that nothing is so good here as they have it at home, and that even the coffee fails to satisfy them, accustomed as they are to something so infinitely better. Though in the herd, they are not of it, and are careful not to form acquaintances among their fellow-travellers. In this they are singularly unlike the generality of their companions, who knit up what looks like friendship in an incredibly short space of time, having mutually told before three days have passed the whole story of their birth, parentage, education, and condition, with an engaging frankness that at least disarms the suspicion of skeletons in the closet at home. The stranger who stands by and listens to it all hears what is substantially to him a foreign language. Sly allusions are made at which the whole company laugh, and of which he neither understands the point nor sees very well how there can be any point to understand. There does not seem to be much humour in, "Well, Mr. Smith, how's your knee this morning?" but the whole table is in a titter when the question is asked; and the gentlemen look sly, while the ladies look demure, when "Were you late last night, Mr. Smith?" is the next joke set afloat, carrying with it a sense of exquisite subtlety and delightful humour to all concerned. There is always one funny man in the party who cannot open his mouth without his hearers beginning to laugh in anticipation, sure that some good thing will come. He is the man who keeps the table alive with these subtle allusions to the state of Mr. Smith's knee or to the hours which he is supposed to keep; and when he happens to be absent the whole party are flat, and feel as if half their life had gone from them. Sometimes there is a clergyman in their ranks who tries to check the exuberance of the wit, and who divides with him the feminine following in fairly equal shares; and sometimes there is a retired captain, who looks on the whole thing with the true military scorn of civilian snobbery, and fraternizes only with the widow and the daughter, alike disdaining the wit and contemptuous of the person. The radiant young person with frizzy front and many ribbons is, however, the main supporter of the funny man among them, and her shrill laughs and "Oh my!" "Goodness me, if ever!" that drop at intervals act on his jocularity as spurs on the speed of a horse, and sometimes get her into trouble with the rest. For, if frank, the band is both decorous and censorious, and has its code of propriety like other communities, with anathemas of a mild kind on those who disregard it. The young married people "spoon" and giggle a little apart, and the matrons take a friendly interest in the bride and give her good

counsel in whispers. The men talk business when they drift away from the jokes of the wit and the sights that they have seen; for not one among them knows anything of art or literature or history. Sometimes a couple of friends, men of culture and of limited means, have joined these ticket tourists, and keep themselves rigidly apart from the rest. But this is not often the case; for it is hard to be associated for days, perhaps for weeks, with the same people and not enter into some kind of relationship with them, more especially at a time when all are in high spirits and good humour.

Still, though the party is given to silly jokes and brainless conversation, though it is noisy, unintellectual, and underbred, it is good to see such happy faces and to know that so many worthy folks, if deadly bores, are thoroughly enjoying themselves, and that things are opened to them which a few years ago would have been hopelessly inaccessible. Certainly they are an infliction to those of their countrymen who may chance to be quartered with them; but even this vexation is not quite without its compensations. The hotels which these travelling hordes frequent are commendable for the English custom of sitz-baths and the like to which these visitors have used them; the tea is better than French tea in general; and the people get so tired of their odd customers that they appreciate any one with *savoir faire*, as they say, and make much of one who can talk fluently in their own tongue. It is a queer study, however, to see these tourists with tickets—a new phase of life for those who travel on their own account; but, if rightly viewed, it is one to teach toleration even through suffering. We may well endeavour to be glad that others can enjoy what we enjoy, though undoubtedly—such is the weakness of humanity—we could wish that that enjoyment was to be had anywhere but where we ourselves may chance to be.

TALL TALK AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

THE so-called "representatives of literature" at the Mansion House have added one more proof that there are many clever men who cannot make a good after-dinner speech. The Lord Mayor indeed makes so many speeches both before and after dinner that practice must in time make him perfect. The representatives of literature were entertained on Saturday last, and on Monday an "interesting ceremony" in which the Lord Mayor was a principal performer was transacted at the Mansion House. The old colours of the 77th Regiment were to be deposited at St. Paul's Cathedral, and for this purpose a detachment of the regiment, headed by the Colonel, came from Woolwich and marched through the City. "The Lord Mayor, who had been previously apprised of the ceremony, presented himself with the members of his family to welcome the escort as it passed." This account of the proceeding is given by a sympathetic reporter, and the Lord Mayor is thus convicted, after orating and perorating abundantly on Saturday night, of making of malice prepense a further oration on Monday morning. The reporter does not indeed tell us what the Lord Mayor said, but he leaves us to infer what his speech was from the answer to it. Colonel Kent on horseback responded to the Lord Mayor on foot, and if he talked the taller talk of the two, we must allow that he had the advantage of position. He mentioned that he was on his way to the grand old Cathedral dedicated to the greatest of the Apostles, and hallowed by the dust of Wellington and Picton. He might have added that this Cathedral is adorned with a remarkable variety of monuments of military and naval heroes. The Colonel expressed the satisfaction of the regiment at the resting-place chosen for its old colours, which will be well cared for and secure, "for there no foreign foe dared come." Strategists generally assume a hostile landing near Dover, and an approach to London from the south-east; and it is a comfort to know that, if an invasion should occur, the Lord Mayor will be ready at the Mansion House with an oratorical broadside, which will effectually confound and frustrate the enemy's march from London Bridge towards St. Paul's. Additional security for the trophies in the Cathedral might perhaps be gained from the probability that the invader would turn aside to the Bank of England.

It is again rather hard on the Lord Mayor that we can only gather by the same inductive process the purport of the speeches which he made on Saturday. Mr. Sala, in responding to the toast of "The Drama," assumed that those professors of theatrical art who were engaged elsewhere would read with pride and gratitude that their profession had been spoken of in such terms as the Lord Mayor had used that night. Unfortunately for this complimentary supposition, actors cannot read, either with or without pride or gratitude, what the Lord Mayor said of them, because the reporters who sat at his table have not cared to preserve his words. "The Lord Mayor then proceeded to propose the toast of the evening," and the reporter, who no doubt knew his business, took copious notes of the responsive speeches. As one line is to a quarter of a column of print, so is a Lord Mayor to a representative of literature, even when the Lord Mayor provides a dinner which his accomplished friends condescend to eat. However, the Lord Mayor may consider himself a modern Falstaff. He is not only a tall talker himself, but he stimulates his guests to mount the highest altitudes of eloquence. Like Colonel Kent on his Crimean steed, all these visitors to the City are mounted each on his peculiar Pegasus. Mr. Sala, in a burst of tempestuous hilarity, reminds his host that a person of the name of Cotton died on that very day, after bequeathing a collection of manuscripts to

the nation. The "cheers" which followed this announcement might indicate the company's appreciation either of manuscripts or of the mortality of the race of Cotton. Mr. Sala had mentioned that a manuscript of his own is still preserved at one of the theatres; and perhaps if the Lord Mayor wishes to imitate Sir Robert Cotton, he might obtain this unsuccessful play as the nucleus of a literary museum. If the materials for Mr. Sala's burlesque were chosen on the same principle as those of his speech, it might easily be a dismal failure. Mr. Froude, in dealing with another head of the same toast, mentioned that authors of former times had large experience of gaol and pillory, and he might have added that they got little venison or champagne. A Lord Mayor or any other giver of dinners deserves the gratitude of those who eat them, but dining in the name of history or poetry or dramatic art is a proceeding of questionable taste. Mr. Froude perceives an advantage which we do not in calling together many members of the literary profession, so that they may see each other and feel that they are members of one great body. There is a story of the late Lord Cardigan objecting to being invited to meet "writing fellows"; on which his hostess answered that she was a "writing fellow" herself. Although we do not form an exaggerated estimate of Lord Cardigan's conversational ability, we can conceive that a slight infusion even of the heavy-dragoon element might be better than having all "writing fellows" at a party. We do not know whether the Lord Mayor intends to give a succession of "banquets" to all the professions which flourish in London. Lawyers, for example, or doctors are quite capable of drinking their "noble selves," which is about what the performance of the literary gentlemen, as expounded by Mr. Froude, came to. Lawyers are quite willing to see each other across a dinner-table or any other table, and the more the merrier; for where one would starve two or three grow sleek. And they are always capable of feeling that they are members of a great body. They had probably happened to hear, before Mr. Froude quoted it, the saying, "Let me make the ballads of the country and you may make the laws"; and their mental comment thereon would very likely be, that in England, happily for them, very few people make ballads and a great many make laws. Just now the legal profession is in high spirits at finding that the last new law reform causes as much litigation as it cures, and if the Lord Mayor will invite the lawyers to dinner, they will certainly make a jolly night of it. He can have three Judges of a Common Law Division fresh from one of those arguments on the Judicature Act which read like a burlesque of the "Three Witches" in *Macbeth*, and he could proceed to propose the toast of the evening—namely, "Conveyancing, Equity, and Common Law"—with which he would associate the names of those eminent practitioners, Mr. Quirk, Mr. Gammon, and Mr. Snap. In emulation of Mr. Sala's rejected burlesque some draftsman might mention that a set of interrogatories prepared by him had been struck out with costs, and we believe that one of these compositions would be as lively as the other. There is, indeed, one difficulty in the way of such a festive gathering as we have suggested, that, although there are lady authors, there are no she lawyers; but perhaps a few elderly judges in full-bottomed wigs and robes might supply an adequate feminine element in the company, particularly as we know that bishops at the opening of Parliament have sometimes been mistaken for peeresses in their own right.

The Lord Mayor has at least succeeded in showing how much nonsense clever men can be got to talk. We saw until this week nothing wonderful in the fact that a nobleman who has written poetry should become Governor-General of India. But now it may almost be said that the presumption is that any "representative of literature" will behave foolishly on a sufficiently conspicuous occasion. There has been nothing like this dinner at the Mansion House since the *Dunciad* was written; and there is this difference, that Pope meant to be satirical, whereas the reporters of these speeches mean to be complimentary. The late Lord Campbell used to say that he only reported Lord Ellenborough's decisions at *Nisi Prius* when they were good law, and it were to be wished that reporters of after-dinner speeches could exercise some discrimination. It is pitiable to read Lord Houghton's expression of satisfaction at meeting at that great and friendly board the "Lords and Commons" of literature and journalism. He assumed that his audience knew who were the Lords and who the Commons, which is more than we know. He seems to compare authors to one House and critics to the other, and to suggest that by dining with the Lord Mayor each House may get on comfortably with the other, and ultimately an author may rather like to have his book cut up by a critic, if only they have partaken of the "loving cup" at the Mansion House together. When Mr. Carlyle's letter of apology was read one might almost have been tempted to exclaim that "he was too wise and too honest to be there." But if he had been there, and had described in his own style what he saw and heard, the world might have gained instruction and amusement. We are quite prepared nowadays to find that even Common Councilmen or their "ladies" write books, or at least pamphlets, and therefore we do not doubt that all the guests of the Lord Mayor were in some sense "representatives of literature in its various branches." The gentlemen who returned thanks for the army and navy might, if they had to justify their presence at this "banquet," contend that the forces to which they belong are to a great extent paper forces. And, besides, liberality in the issue of invitations might be justified by an august precedent:—

From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks and gilded chariots.

Allowing for the amelioration of modern habits, these lines fairly describe the motley character of the assembly. There seem to have been poets, historians, dramatists, booksellers, and critics, all united for the time in a mutual admiration society of the most harmonious and delightful character. As was said on a memorable occasion, "We cannot be all tailors," and it was perhaps to prevent the "intellectuality" of the company becoming too tremendous and overpowering that a few Common Councilmen with their "ladies" were introduced. They mix earth with nitroglycerine to make the dynamite of commerce, and perhaps a tradesman here and there might promote the cohesion and "stability" of the literary compound. We of course assume that one who makes or sells paper is as much a representative of a branch of literature as one who only spoils it. Here again the Lord Mayor might justify himself by a celebrated example:—

With authors, stationers obey'd the call.

It is a pity that, instead of merely proposing and acknowledging toasts, the company could not have occupied itself in a revival of the antique ceremonies of the *Dunciad*. Competitors and prizes for heroic games were ready to hand, and the scene was almost the same. The only difference would be that in Pope's time journalists worshipped lords, and now lords worship journalists. In that sense it is still true that

He wins this patron who can tickle best.

But in this, as in former ages, some flatteries are clumsy and ineffectual. Cringing as a fine art requires careful study, and it must be remembered that there is little pleasure in kicking a limp and abject victim.

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION SOCIETY.

THE Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century, from whatever point of view, favourable or unfavourable, it may be regarded, is universally allowed to be one of the most momentous and pregnant events in modern history. Its influence, indeed, as a factor in the course of human development, has been rather of an indirect than a direct kind, having mainly consisted in the impulse it has given to intellectual and political progress. Religious liberty, as a modern author has justly observed, owes nothing to it as a dogmatic system. On the contrary, "persecution among the early Protestants was a distinct and definite doctrine, digested into elaborate treatises, indissolubly connected with a large portion of the received theology, developed by the most enlightened and far-seeing theologians, and enforced against the most inoffensive as against the most formidable sects." And yet to the Reformation, though not to the Reformers, "is chiefly due the appearance of that rationalistic spirit which at last destroyed persecution." The public revolt against the established religion of Europe created a general spirit of insubordination, and, through the number of questions which it became necessary virtually to submit to the decision of the multitude, provoked a spirit of restless inquiry, and led to the formation of a great variety of opinions on other subjects besides those which are handled in creeds and articles of faith. Hence Protestantism, notwithstanding its rigid and dogmatic character as it came from the hands of Luther and Calvin, has gradually developed what has been called, by friend and foe alike, "its admirable flexibility of doctrine," very much against the intention of its original founders and the will of some who inherit their name. The results of the Reformation, as a great movement of the human mind, are certainly visible enough, for good or for evil, at the present day, and hardly less visible, we may add, in spite of the seeming paradox, within than without the pale of the Roman Catholic Church itself. But the Reformation as an ecclesiastical and theological scheme or conception is a thing of the past, and it is the veriest anachronism to attempt to revive it. Reformed Churches there are, of course, both in this country and elsewhere, but their standpoint is not that of the men who moulded or remoulded them three centuries ago. The Church formed by Luther himself in Germany had long silently dropped his characteristic tenets, and now no longer even bears his name. The Anglican Church may have altered greatly for the better, but there can be no doubt that it has departed widely from the tone and spirit sought to be impressed upon it by such authorities as Cranmer and the authors of the almost forgotten *Second Book of Homilies*. The "Counter Reformation" in the Church of Rome which Ranke has so vividly depicted, and the general fermentation of civil and religious life which may be said roughly to date from the first French Revolution, are both in different ways fruits of the Protestant Reformation; but they have also gone far to obliterate from the modern world all traces of the state of things which it originally created or assailed.

Such are evidently not the thoughts familiar to the friends and supporters of the Protestant Reformation Society, which held its annual field-day this week at Willis's Rooms under the presidency of Sir Thomas Chambers, the veteran champion of the claims of deceased wives' sisters to marry their brothers-in-law. But they are thoughts inevitably suggested to our mind by the report of the proceedings. The Society represents just one of those "survivals" which are no less frequent, and certainly no less curious, in the moral than in the material domain. It is not so many years since a distinguished divine of moderate, though somewhat Evangelical, views unwarily suffered himself to be entrapped into presiding at a branch meeting of the Society for Converting Irish

Roman Catholics. His consternation may be imagined when the energetic "deputation from the parent Society" opened his address by glibly announcing as the fundamental principle on which it took its stand "that no Roman Catholic could be saved." Such startling avowals are, of course, not likely to find their way in the present age into the pages of a popular magazine. Yet we were rather surprised the other day to come across a sentence in the current number of the *Contemporary Review* which breathes a very similar spirit. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; where the Church of Rome is, there is none." There is not, to be sure, much civil liberty to be looked for where the Court of Rome, as at present minded, has its way; but St. Paul was not speaking of civil liberty in the passage quoted by the Reviewer, and the Church of Rome is not the same thing as the Curia. But to return to the Reformation Society. The Annual Report of the Society appears to be not yet published, and we are therefore obliged to trust to the brief account of it contained in the newspaper reports of the meeting. But, as far as our information enables us to judge, there is the strangest want of logical coherence between the reasons urged for supporting the Society and the recorded results of its labours. "The Report," we are told, "stated that it became every year more evident that the attempt to subjugate our country and Romanize its Church gained in force." And the Chairman seems to have fully endorsed at least the second half of this alarming announcement. "It was a great calamity that so many parties in the Established Church of the country were now actively endeavouring to pervert others, and bring them over to the Romish faith." Without pausing now to inquire into the grounds for these startling allegations, one cannot help feeling that, if there is any truth in them, and if their truth is really "becoming more evident every year," the Protestant Reformation Society, which has been at work, we believe, some thirty years or more, has been, to say the least, anything but a success. And it is therefore not easy to understand why the sentence we have just quoted from the Chairman's speech should have been immediately followed up by the remark that "all this showed the value of this and other similar Societies." It would appear on the contrary to an outsider to show how useless they have proved. There may of course be a great difference of opinion as to what precisely constitutes "Romanizing" the Church of England. Thus, for instance, at a meeting last Tuesday of the Church Association, which is a body expressly organized for putting down such practices, a clerical speaker and Canon is reported to have observed that "few abuses in public worship could be more painful to a heart longing to join in the service of God than that of a whole assembly of professed worshippers remaining silent, whilst a choir performed for their pleasure." But that is just what has always been, and is still to a great extent, the ordinary practice of our cathedrals, which are not usually regarded as centres of a Ritualistic or Romanizing movement. On the other hand, lovers of music are rather apt to complain, not without asperity, of the passion of so-called Ritualists for introducing congregational chanting of a character more fervent than harmonious. Be that as it may, there has been and is, according to the testimony of the Reformation Society, a terrible advance of the Romanizing propaganda, in whatever sense they understand it; and we therefore fail to apprehend how the facts, as stated by themselves, bear out their claim to having rendered valuable service in repelling it.

But this is not the only indication of a rather perplexing inconsequence in the statements of speakers at the meeting. The Rev. Dr. Blakeney proposed a Resolution, which was passed, "That at no period since the Reformation has the Church of Rome displayed greater zeal, or pursued a more fiery proselytism, than during the period between the last Ecumenical Council at Rome and the year 1876." It would again be obvious to observe on this that the efforts of the Protestant Reformation Society do not seem to have been signally blessed during the last five years. But we have cited the words of the Resolution for a different purpose. They apparently imply that proselytism is not only mischievous when conducted in the interests of "Romanism," but wrong in itself. And forcible proselytism cannot be intended; for, whatever may have been her will, the Church of Rome has had no opportunity of imposing her creed by fire and sword since "the last Ecumenical Council," as the Resolution expresses it, thereby putting the Vatican Council on a par with the Council of Nice. But the dwellers in glass houses should not throw stones, and if proselytism is wrong, it is wrong for everybody alike. A benighted Romanist may be altogether mistaken in his creed, but clearly, if it is right to convert people to the true faith at all, his only course is to try and convert them to the faith which he holds to be the true one. And the Chairman of the Reformation Society not only thinks it is right, but actually bases the special claim of that Society to public support on the fact that it is distinguished from all others by being a directly aggressive and proselytizing body. "The Chairman said, the Society, as distinguished from other Societies, attacked the religion and the faith of Rome, its object being directly to convince Roman Catholics of the errors of the Romish faith." That is to say, it does precisely what it condemns the Church of Rome for doing. The difference, according to its own estimate, is not in the policy pursued, but in the success, which does not seem in its own case to have been as yet translated from the pleasures of hope to the pleasures of memory. "All this" appears to us to show, not "the value," but the worthlessness, if not positive mischief, "of this and similar societies." If there were any reason—as there is not—for believing the rodomontade

talked on such occasions about the subjugation of the country to Rome, and the like, which is periodically reproduced by such speakers as Sir T. Chambers and Mr. Whalley when the question of Convents or Roman Catholic Prison Chaplains comes before Parliament, there would be not the less, but the more, reason for depreciating the feeble fury that irritates and invites the aggression which it can do nothing to repress. It was currently believed at the time of the Civil War of the seventeenth century that Jesuit missionaries were in the habit of assuming the garb of Puritan preachers in order to aid in accelerating the downfall of the Established Church. The rumour was probably fabulous, but it was not altogether irrational. If we were privileged to enjoy the confidence of the modern Jesuit Camarilla, we may safely affirm that it would be found to regard with a mingled feeling of amusement, and of something more akin to complacency than impatience, these annual demonstrations of the "Holdfasts," as the members of the Reformation Society dubbed themselves the other day by a final Resolution. All the leading Tractarian converts began life as strong Evangelicals, and Exeter Hall has proved in the long run a most efficient forcing-house for the Vatican. We are more than half afraid that, if its annals were too curiously inspected, even the Protestant Reformation Society might turn out not to be immaculate. Indeed there is a suspicious ring about this closing exhortation to its members to "receive" the name of Holdfasts, "and commend it to all who waver, or are tempted by the seductions of Romanism." We will not quote the Scriptural warning to those who think they stand; but, if our "Protestant" friends would only take the hint kindly, we should be disposed to suggest that their Protestantism might be none the less unsuspected if they did not protest quite so much.

DAHOMEY.

THE King of Dahomey is required to pay an indemnity of five hundred puncheons of palm oil for an outrage committed on a British subject, and is threatened in case of refusal with a blockade of his coast by a British squadron. The King has answered the demand for indemnity by an invitation to the British commander to come and take it, and thus a prospect begins to appear of another African war, probably successful, doubtfully glorious, and certainly expensive. The blockade is sure to cause heavy losses to British traders, and it may or may not bring the King to reason. One version of the King's answer promises, if Commodore Hewett liked to come and get his fine, to pay him in powder and bullets. Another more polite form of response expresses the King's inability to pay the fine until he has seen the Commodore and judged whether the amount is correct. But it seems that the more brief and peremptory message is the genuine product of the King's mind, and, besides, the circumlocution adopted by the intermediate "authorities" comes practically to the same thing. We are told, and we should be glad to believe, that Commodore Hewett has not threatened more than he can perform. He will strictly blockade the two rivers by which Dahomey receives merchandise, and this will inflict so serious a loss on the revenue that there will be no need to accept the King's insolent invitation to his capital Abomey. We are also informed that the King's army have a considerable number of Snider rifles with ammunition, and are well practised in their use. The celebrated Amazons, if they exist, will probably not inspire British sailors with terror. But it may be expected that the Commodore, if compelled to adopt hostilities, will confine himself to the coast, and will await instructions and reinforcements from home before risking an attempt in which failure might be disastrous. If the blockade should bring the King to reason, it will show that an African potentate is capable of feeling in his pocket, and this will mark a decided advance in civilization.

If an expedition should become necessary, our recent experience of Ashantee will be useful. The Gold Coast and the Slave Coast extend from Cape Three Points to Lagos, and behind them are these two countries, Ashantee on the west, and Dahomey on the east, with the river Volta between them. The Kings of Dahomey occupy a conspicuous place in the literature of the last century, when the slave-trade was pursued with the same unhesitating energy with which we now "open up" a new market for ivory or palm oil. These Kings, observing that the greater part of the exported slaves were obtained from their territory, strove with vigour and success to bring themselves as sellers into immediate contact with European purchasers. As this policy commenced more than one hundred and fifty years ago, it may be hoped that the present King has an enlightened commercial intellect capable of appreciating the disadvantages of a blockade. He might, indeed, argue that the stress of it would fall firstly on European traders, secondly on his own subjects, and only in the last extremity on himself. He is, of course, cruel, and, if he is also obstinate, he may determine that, as long as his people have, he will not want, and thus the question which awaits solution seems to be whether his pride or his pocket is the more sensitive. Yet the first of his predecessors who came in contact with the English is described as a man of remarkable talent as well as ambition and ferocity, a character which might have been written for Peter the Great, under whom Russia first began to claim a place in civilization. All these African potentates have wants, real or imaginary, which only Europe can supply, and thus our naval commanders have perhaps

a hold upon them. Lieutenant Cameron lately described his reception further south by a King wearing a state dress consisting of a cocked hat and a Scotch plaid. The King of Dahomey, it may be believed, has at least an equal sense of what is due to his own dignity and comfort; and indeed the more courteous of his two supposed answers, which may be accepted as at least a plausible forgery, purports to invite Commodore Hewett to stop, or, as they say in the navy, stow, all war palaver, and be a merchant, and load his ships with rum, cloth, and other articles, and come and trade with him. The young lady lately quoted by Mr. Disraeli could no doubt favour him with an extract from some treatise on geography to the effect that the chief ornament of the Royal residence at Abomey is human skulls, and that, when a ceiling requires to be newly decorated, it is usual to massacre some scores of persons for the purpose. This statement may have been true when it was written; but, on the other hand, Lieutenant Cameron mentioned that the King whom he visited possessed and highly valued an arm-chair, and there can be no doubt that the desire to possess a solid and impracticable piece of furniture is one of the most powerful and general of human motives. Nobody, we believe, ever rested at an inn in the most inaccessible part of Switzerland without observing a ponderous sofa or bedstead and wondering how it got there. It may therefore be guessed that the King of Dahomey has got beyond the raw-head-and-bloody-bones style of domestic ornament, and requires clothes and furniture; and it may be further assumed that rum, or perhaps champagne, is necessary to his comfort. We do not know whether the ladies of his bodyguard appear on parade in Parisian bonnets; but we may be sure that they would wear European finery if they could get it, and, on the whole, we may assume that civilization is progressing in Dahomey. As long ago as 1724, when the King of Dahomey, fighting his way towards the sea, captured the chief town of the kingdom of Ardra, and made prisoner Mr. Bulstrode Lamb, factor for the English African Company, he had sense enough to treat his captive with kindness and consideration, although this was the first white man he had ever seen. The earliest account of Dahomey existing in our literature is, we believe, a letter written by Lamb after he had been some months in captivity, to his superior, Mr. Tucker, Governor of the English fort at Whydah, and dated from Abomey in 1724. It will appear from this piece of history that Commodore Hewett, is not the first Englishman who has been invited to come and stay at Abomey. Three years afterwards this same King marched to the coast, conquered the State of Whydah, laid in ruins the English, French, and Portuguese forts, and made prisoners of the captains of these forts, and all the European residents. We can imagine our countrymen bearing this adverse fortune with the same constancy and sense of duty that appeared in the Indian Mutiny of our own time, and it is not to be supposed that in moments of pain or danger their consciences were disturbed by any scruples about the morality of the business in which they were engaged. They would perhaps have argued that men were better off as slaves than giving their skulls as paving-stones for their King's palace.

Attention has been lately drawn to the life of one of the leaders of that philanthropic band which "rescued Africa from the woes and the British Empire from the guilt" of the slave-trade; and it may be interesting to observe by way of contrast those records of our early intercourse with Dahomey which belong to the latter half of the last century, when Bristol and Liverpool did a steady business on the Slave Coast. This trade was begun by Portugal as a religious work, pursued by all commercial nations for the sake of gain, and abolished for the reasons expressed on Zachary Macaulay's monument. Portuguese discoverers of Africa believed no less than the abolitionists of Clapham that they were guided in their counsels and labours by a "favouring Providence"; and as they showed us the way to India, we shall probably conclude that, on the whole, they did more good in the world than harm. Our own establishments on this coast, as in India, were originally commercial. The African Company of 1754 was charged with the maintenance of all the British forts between Cape Blanco and the Cape of Good Hope. This Company, unlike others which preceded it, was prohibited from trading on its own account. But all the forts and garrisons were vested in it, and it admitted, on payment of 40s. fine, any merchant to be member of the corporation and to enjoy all the privileges of the African trade. The Government was vested in a Committee of nine persons, elected annually by the freemen of the Company resident in London, Bristol, and Liverpool. For the purpose of maintaining the forts and garrisons, an annual sum of £3,000. was voted by Parliament, for the due disposal of which the Committee were responsible to Government. The salaries of their clerks and agents, with all other expenses of management, including compensation to the members of the Committee for their trouble, were allowed out of the sums received as fines of admission from the freemen. In the course of time it happened that the whole expense of the Company came to be defrayed by the public, and for this reason the charter of incorporation was recalled by Parliament in 1821. The possessions of the Company on the West Coast of Africa were by this Act annexed to, and made dependencies upon, the colony of Sierra Leone.

It is estimated that during more than a century one hundred thousand persons were annually removed from Dahomey as slaves. In the years that followed the abolition of the slave-trade there was a great decline in the number of vessels that visited the coast. Many of the numerous factories and forts erected for the protection of the slave-trade were broken up and abandoned on its

abolition. The principal English fortress was Cape Coast Castle, which is still maintained. Next to this in importance was Accra, and the furthest of these fortified settlements to the east was the English fort of Whydah, where the present "difficulty" with the King of Dahomey has arisen. Similar establishments of French, Dutch, and Danes were thickly studded along this coast. The unhealthiness of the climate was proverbial. It was said that there were always two Governors of Sierra Leone, one going out to his post, and the other returning home dead. But it was a convenient place for Government to bestow on a supporter who affected Parliamentary independence. This settlement, be it observed, was founded in 1787 by philanthropists who undertook to show that colonial productions could be obtained without slave-labour, in which enterprise they have indifferently succeeded. We do not know whether those were also philanthropists who settled a lot of negroes in Nova Scotia; but we cannot help suspecting that, if they had known whether they were going as freemen, they would have preferred to remain as slaves in the West Indies. They could not bear the severity of the Northern climate, so they were removed to Sierra Leone, whither another lot, who had been living in destitution in London, and probably doing the "man and brother" business, had previously been carried. Then a lot of Maroons, probably rebels, were transported from Jamaica, and a black regiment disbanded in the West Indies were also added to the new colony. Thus the colony has continually increased; but probably, after the manner of their kind, these negroes have confined themselves to raising as much colonial produce as was necessary for their own consumption. The town has had during many years the advantage of whatever money its traders could make out of the squadron maintained for the suppression of the slave-trade. It lies, however, far to the west of Cape Three Points, which has usually been taken as the western limit of the Gold and Slave Coasts. It seems that there are still French and Portuguese as well as English "houses" or "forts" at Whydah, and all traders are alike interested in the peaceable settlement of Commodore Hewett's demand on the King of Dahomey. But whether it will be settled peaceably we cannot tell. If it be not, the present Government will obtain whatever glory is to be got out of a second edition of the Ashantee war.

THE OPERAS.

M R. GYE this year opened his musical campaign a long time before the other house entered an appearance. In the earlier part of his season, in accordance with what seems to be an established custom, he produced various new singers, none of whom have yet made any marked impression. Nor were the well-known operas which he presented given with any remarkable degree of excellence. It would be difficult to find anything much more ragged than the performance of the *Huguenots* which took place with Mlle. d'Angeri as Valentine. It is enough to say of it that its most satisfactory part, on the whole, was the Marcel of Signor Bagagliolo. Mlle. Marimon, who is too seldom heard, has appeared as Norma in *Don Pasquale*. She sang with rare perfection, and gave a singular charm to Norina's coquettish graces. But not even the acting and singing of Mlle. Marimon can save the fun of *Don Pasquale* from being somewhat heavy. In the performance of *Faust* at the same house Mlle. Albani appeared as Marguerite, and M. Maurel filled the place of M. Faure, in whom Mr. Gye has lost a tower of strength, as Mefistofele. Mlle. Albani has improved both as to singing and acting in the part of Marguerite. Her delivery of the jewel song was especially good, and her acting in the trying scene of Valentine's death had much feeling and skill. M. Maurel's performance of Mefistofele was more curious than satisfactory. M. Maurel was, as is known, a pupil of M. Faure, and he has, as we think injudiciously, been told that he can rival his master. In playing for the first time in London one of M. Faure's finest parts, the younger singer seems to have wished to show that he need not depend upon imitation for success. In the acting of the character he secured originality by being as little diabolical as may be. He was pleasant and gentlemanlike throughout; but that is hardly one's idea of all that Mefistofele should be. In the well-known scene of shrinking from the cross handles of the swords held up to him M. Maurel played with what has been justly termed an absence of exaggeration; but this included also an utter absence of spirit and effect. His singing was throughout steady, if inclined to tameness; he was at his best in the delivery of the serenade, which was for the most part modelled on M. Faure's. But the good-humoured laugh which he has added as he goes up the stage at the end might be judiciously omitted. M. Maurel has devised a new costume for Mefistofele, whom he dresses in black for the beginning and end of the opera, and in grey satin slashed with black for the market and garden scenes. It has been objected that the conventional red is too eccentric, and would attract too much attention from the crowd. But it may be noted that many of the crowd are also dressed in red; only their costumes are less brilliant than that of the ordinary Mefistofele. In the cathedral scene M. Maurel appeared draped in deep black, with a living flame substituted for the feather in his cap. We may next expect to see him appear with a practicable tail.

The event of the season, as yet, at Covent Garden has been the production of *Tannhäuser*. It would in some respects have been more reasonable to bring out this opera before *Lohengrin*, which was a later development of the composer's ideas. *Tannhäuser*

[May 13, 1876.]

consequently has much more resemblance to the usual forms of opera than is contained in *Lohengrin*. There are airs, or something very like them, to be found in it, and there is no passage so difficult to admire as the dreary dialogue between Friedrich and Ortrud in *Lohengrin*. The story of the opera, which is constructed out of more than one legend, has considerable beauty and interest.

The first scene, introduced by an overture through which there run what we can best describe as a wave of tender, penetrating music, but which is, we think, disfigured by the undue prominence in one passage of the clashing of cymbals, opens in the Hörselberg, where Tannhäuser is lying asleep, watched over by Venus and surrounded by her attendant nymphs, who go through a kind of bacchanal dance, while the alluring song of sirens is heard from the background. Here the magic properties of the place must undoubtedly have been called in for Tannhäuser's benefit. No mortal under ordinary circumstances could have slept through the din of the ballet going on around him. In the course of this ballet, according to the stage direction, *una stanchezza e sonnolenza generale* seize upon the dancers, who disappear gradually, while a rosy vapour rises and conceals them, leaving Tannhäuser and Venus alone in front of it. The scene would be more effective if a greater attempt were made to carry out the composer's intention in this matter. There was certainly no sign of weariness in the activity with which the dancers ran off the stage, and there was very little mystery about the rosy vapour painted on the flat which shut in the scene. The stage of Covent Garden gives every facility for mechanical illusion, and it is a pity that its capabilities should not be turned to account when illusion is especially desirable. Left alone with Venus, Tannhäuser wakes from a dream of his life on earth before he entered the enchanted mount, and presently, taking up a lyre and addressing Venus in a passage of singular beauty, of which the theme reappears afterwards, he, judiciously beginning by celebrating her beauty, ends by pointing out that it is too great a privilege for a mere mortal to gaze on such divinity, and begs for his freedom. Venus is naturally enraged at this, and there follows a discussion between them. There is a striking simplicity in the English version of this given in the book of the opera:—

Venus. Well, then, thou faithless traitor, mortal hateful,
My pris'ner, hence to flee you'll try in vain.
Tannhäuser. To thy love, believe me, I'm not ungrateful,
But still I can no longer here remain.

Venus caresses and threatens by turns; but Tannhäuser's longing to return to earth is unchanged, and, when Venus tells him that he has already forfeited his safety on earth and in heaven, and had better stay with her, he replies by invoking the Virgin Mary, upon which, with a clap of thunder, Venus disappears, and Tannhäuser finds himself in a sunny valley, with the Castle of Wartburg at the back of the scene. Here there occurs a song, supposed to be sung to his pipe by a shepherd boy; and perhaps such music may have been produced by shepherds in the thirteenth century, but its reproduction in the nineteenth appears unnecessary. The scene is presently filled with a procession of pilgrims, by whose presence Tannhäuser is moved to repentance and prayer, and to these succeed the Landgrave of Thuringia and his attendant bards, returning from a hunting-party. They recognize Tannhäuser, who had disappeared a year before, and greet him with joy. He is, however, bent on leaving them and pursuing his way alone, until Wolfram speaks of Elizabeth, the Landgrave's daughter, whose hand Tannhäuser had won in a tournament of song just before he was enticed into the Hörselberg. This alters Tannhäuser's resolution, and he consents to go home with the Landgrave's party, filled with joy at the prospect of seeing Elizabeth again. There is much to admire in the music of this scene, of which the brightness and clearness make a contrast to the whirling and passionate strains of the former scene. But Herr Wagner's terrible fondness for the blasts of horns has produced an effect which is to us singularly unpleasant at the entrance of the Landgrave.

The second act is opened by Elizabeth, who comes into the Hall of Song in the Castle of Wartburg, and sings her delight at the return of Tannhäuser, who presently enters and joins her in a duet of great power and beauty. Then the Landgrave comes in, and shortly after his appearance preparations are made for a song tournament. To the music of the march, which is probably the best known piece in the opera, the Landgrave's nobles, knights and ladies, enter and take their places on a huge dais ranged along the side of the stage. There is much that is impressive and majestic in this scene. As group after group come in, and, making their obeisance to the Landgrave, go up to the dais, the music seems to swell both in volume and meaning until it carries with it an almost overpowering sense of vastness; and the eye, ranging over the immense crowd on the stage, takes up the suggestion made to the mind through the ear. When the court is assembled, the bards, robed picturesquely, crowned with wreaths, and each bearing a lyre, enter, and, after an address from the Landgrave, the contest begins. The theme given is love, and Wolfram (a character finely sung and acted by M. Maurel) begins by praising ideal love. There was much delicacy and feeling in M. Maurel's delivery of this passage, of which the music is strikingly tender, and his phrasing here, as throughout, was excellent. Tannhäuser replies to him in a strain indicating that he admires a more material form of love than that which Wolfram has sung. The contest is taken up by the other bards, Walter and Biterolf, to whom Tannhäuser replies so insolently as to excite the wrath of the assembly. The Landgrave rises to enforce peace, and Wolfram again puts forth his views, upon which Tannhäuser, burning at what seems to him the impious insult aimed at Venus, of whose

memory he is full, bursts wildly into the song of the Hörselberg, and reveals the secret of his visit there. Conternation seizes the assembly at having harboured and listened to such a monster, and the bards are rushing on Tannhäuser with drawn swords, when Elizabeth throws herself between them, and obtains his pardon on condition of his making a pilgrimage to Rome and praying for absolution from the Holy Father. The music of this act is full of fire and depth. Towards the end there is a tempest of passionate sound rising and swelling in intensity to a very whirlwind. But it is so controlled and ordered that one thinks rather of the sweep of some planet through a vast orbit than of the chaos of a storm. The act ends with Tannhäuser kneeling and kissing the hem of Elizabeth's robe, while the Landgrave and bards stand around in pity and grief. The poetry of the situation and the passion of the music are in the highest degree moving.

The fine effect of the whole scene was due in no small measure to Mlle. Albani's singing and acting as Elizabeth. She gave the music well throughout, although there was a slight tendency to force the high notes; and her acting was excellent, as well when she was listening to the bards as when herself engaged in the action of the scene. At the discovery of Tannhäuser's secret, and at her interposing to save him, Mlle. Albani displayed a power that one might not have expected. Signor Carpi (Tannhäuser) rose to the occasion much better than could have been guessed from his somewhat hard performance in the first act. Signor Capponi's fine voice and delivery told well in the Landgrave's music. He would do well to modify his costume. The gorgeous robes and the curious head-dress, which resembles a jewelled tea-kettle, make one think of the Emperor in "Aladdin."

The last act, which passes in the Valley of Wartburg, as does the latter part of the first, is in some sense an anti-climax. There is a beautiful prayer to the Virgin for Elizabeth, sung admirably in expression and execution by Mlle. Albani; and there is an address to the evening star for Wolfram, which M. Maurel gave with complete feeling and skill. The rest of the act is taken up with the return of Tannhäuser from his pilgrimage, his despair at the Holy Father's answer that he should be forgiven when his staff blossomed, his appeal to Venus, who reappears to him, and his salvation from her by the holy influence of Elizabeth, whose funeral passes across the stage just after Venus has vanished in baffled rage. The interview between Wolfram and Tannhäuser is too long, and should if possible be cut down. Indeed the whole opera is of a merciless length, which is partly due to the fact that almost all the times are taken too slow, with the exception of the march, which is played too quick.

Mr. Mapleson has not been very long in the field at Drury Lane; and one is naturally inclined to wait until M. Faure arrives to hear several of the operas which have been put up. When he comes Mr. Mapleson should be able to present a cast of very unusual strength. Meanwhile there are several fine singers besides him assembled at Drury Lane, and we hope to find an early opportunity for saying something of Mr. Mapleson's performances.

RACING AT NEWMARKET AND CHESTER.

A PETITION of some importance was presented last week to the stewards and members of the Jockey Club. It purported to emanate from owners and trainers of horses, but nine-tenths of the signatures belonged to the latter class, while not a single leading owner appended his name to the document. The petitioners draw the attention of the Jockey Club to the evils of the practice commonly known as touting and horse-watching, and to the fact that information as to the work, health, condition, capabilities, and private trials of racehorses is systematically, though surreptitiously, obtained from servants, boys, and apprentices in training-stables by the paid agents of the sporting papers. They proceed to say that the result of this system is to corrupt and demoralize the persons employed in training-stables, and to destroy the confidence that should exist between them and their masters; and they appeal to the Jockey Club to take immediate steps to resist the growth of a practice "so entirely subversive of the morality and best interests of the Turf."

Now, to a certain extent, the prayer of this petition is quite legitimate. Horses are the private property of their owners, who have to pay for their keep, their training, and their engagements, and who may reasonably object to any interference with them on the part of the outside public. And so far as trainers stand in the place of owners, and carry out the instructions given to them by their employers, they, too, are entitled to raise a similar objection. There is no doubt that the facts stated in the petition are in the main correct. The public, in its insane passion for betting on horse-races, will pay any price to get information about horses in training; and whether that information is accurate or not is a matter of comparative indifference, so long as it comes early. The sporting papers undoubtedly supply a part of this demand, and furnish intelligence as to trials and other training matters which it is reasonable to suppose can often be obtained only by unfair means. But it is ridiculous to allege that the sporting press alone is responsible for the nuisance of touts and horse-watchers. A great many people who are rich enough to afford the luxury employ touts and horse-watchers of their own. The big book-makers would be little satisfied with the scraps of news they can pick up in the sporting papers, but must have more regular and more authentic intelligence before they risk their

thousands; and the big backers of horses, though far more reckless in their ways, yet from force of example follow suit, and pay for information by which they do not always profit. We should be surprised if even the members of that distinguished body the Jockey Club could one and all lay their hands on their hearts and declare that they had never availed themselves of the services of that irregular body against which the trainers have declared war. Anyhow, the sporting papers are only responsible for a small part of the touting and horse-watching which regularly go on. We need hardly say that we have no sympathy with such practices. We regret the love of gambling, but for which there would be no such persons as touts and horse-watchers in existence; and we regret that, for the sake of gratifying an unhealthy passion, men presumably respectable should stoop to the meanness of bribing the servants of their neighbours—possibly of their friends also—and of sneaking after information which they cannot otherwise obtain. On the other hand, we have little sympathy with the owners and trainers who have just worked themselves up into a state of righteous indignation. They preach of morality and honesty, of the duties of servants towards their masters, and of the happy confidence which ought to exist between the two. But they say not a word as to the reasons why the secrecy with which their operations are conducted is necessary, or why it should be forbidden to the outer world to know anything that goes on within the prison walls of the great training establishments. Yet this is a question which lies at the root of the whole matter. Why should owners and trainers wish to make a mystery about the work, the health, the condition, the capabilities, or even the trials of their horses? Would their horses suffer in health or deteriorate in condition because that portion of the public which troubles its head about racing matters became acquainted with their several merits? What advantage is to be gained by keeping the public in the dark? We fear that there is a very intelligible answer to these inquiries. The few owners who race for honour and glory cannot care how much or how little is known about their horses; but the majority who race for profit are compelled to keep their training operations as much as possible from the light of day for fear of endangering their profits. These considerations of pecuniary gain actuate alike those who employ horse-watchers and those who clamour for their suppression. The employers of touts hope to make money by the information they may succeed in ferreting out; and owners and trainers hope to make money by the information they strive to keep to themselves. Sportsmen like Lord Glasgow in the past and Lord Falmouth in the present, having nothing to conceal, are not disturbed when all the world knows that one of their horses cannot go more than half a mile and another can stay for a week. Rather, when they have a good horse, they are proud that all the world should be aware of his merits, and they would not take the trouble, even if they descended to the meanness, of bamboozling the public with mock gallops, and false trials, and laborious attempts, unfortunately too often successful, to make the worse appear the better horse. Such sportsmen, however, are the exception, not the rule; and the many in whose eyes a racehorse, to use the late Lord Derby's words, is nothing but an instrument of gambling, are naturally indignant at the thought that any outsider should pick a plum or two out of their own particular pie. The petition we have mentioned has been referred by the Club to a Committee appointed to revise the rules of racing, but we suspect we shall not hear very much more about it.

The field for the One Thousand Guineas was about up to the average in point of numbers, but the race attracted comparatively little interest, it having been clearly shown in the principal two-year-old races of 1875 that the fillies were much inferior to the colts. We may just refer to the performances of the most conspicuous among the thirteen runners. Camelia, the French-bred daughter of Macaroni and Araucaria, won two out of four races last season. At Newmarket she ran a dead heat with Gilestone for third place in that celebrated race which Fordham on Levant just snatched by the shortest of heads from Farnese, a like distance only separating the dead-beaters from Lord Falmouth's horse. This was Farnese's first appearance in public, and, looking at what he afterwards accomplished, as well as at the fact that the Mineral colt finished behind the four we have named, the performance was a good one on the part both of Levant and Camelia, and might seem to contradict what we said just now as to the inferiority of the fillies. Levant, however, never forgot the punishment she received in this race, and Camelia was none the better for her exertions on the next day, when her stable companion Allumette gave her 3 lbs. and an easy beating. Subsequently Camelia beat Solitude at Goodwood, and Gilestone and Levant at Brighton, after which she retired for the season. Allumette, a daughter of Caterer and Feu de Joie, gained her solitary victory over Camelia, but was beaten afterwards by Brigg Boy, Rosinante, and Red Cross Knight. Last week it appeared to be forgotten that Allumette had once beaten Camelia, for while the latter was second favourite, the former started at an extreme outside price. La Seine, also French-bred, by Tournament out of the famous La Touques, was made first favourite, though her two-year-old running hardly warranted her elevation to such a position. She was beaten a long way in the Middle Park Plate, and also in two Nursery handicaps at Newmarket and Brighton. Twine the Plaiden won five races out of seven as a two-year-old, but the company she met was not of the highest order. She beat Zee three times, and Camembert, The Flirt,

Fetterlock, and Great Tom; but both Skylark and Springfield disposed of her with great ease. The Flirt and Zee were apparently held safe in the One Thousand by Mr. Bowes's filly, though it must be said that, as soon as the former passed out of Lord Falmouth's possession, her form began to show a wonderful improvement, and her new owner carried off three or four good races with her assistance. Margarita won two races out of six as a two-year-old, and her second victory was of great merit. It was gained at Stockbridge against a good field, including Kaleidoscope, Retrospect, and Hellenist. Later in the year, however, she failed to exhibit the same form, and was beaten at Doncaster by Ithona and Charon, while, in the second edition of the Troy Stakes at the Houghton Meeting, Kaleidoscope took ample revenge for his defeat at Stockbridge. Of the remainder of the One Thousand field, to which Mr. Crawford contributed a couple, and Lord Falmouth and Lord Rosebery one each, we need not speak. It was generally thought that Twine the Plaiden had not improved, and La Seine and Camelia attracted the greatest share of attention. There was only one false start, and when the flag fell La Seine and Twine the Plaiden took the lead, with Camelia and Allumette, on different sides of the course, in close attendance. To this quartet the race was confined after the first half-mile, and when Twine the Plaiden stopped in the last two hundred yards, it was clear that the French fillies would secure the first three places. The first of the three to give way was La Seine, and thenceforth a close struggle between the stable companions Camelia and Allumette was maintained to the finish. The issue was in doubt to the very last stride, when Camelia just got her head in front, and gained the judge's verdict. It is clear that the defeat of Camelia by Allumette last year was not such a mere matter of chance as was imagined at the time, and Count de Lagrange is fortunate to have two such good strings to his bow in the forthcoming Oaks. Lord Rosebery's representative, Majesty, ran sufficiently forward to give him some idea where Levant would have finished; and probably the daughter of Adventurer would be a dangerous antagonist at Epsom if her temper could be relied on. The more she ran, however, last year, the more shifty she became, and such dispositions do not generally improve with age. Twine the Plaiden will probably be in better condition by the 2nd of June; but she ran in the One Thousand very much like a non-stayer, and according to present appearances the Oaks seems destined to fall to the foreigners.

As far as the general racing was concerned, Newmarket never showed to less advantage than in the Two Thousand week, and it is well nigh impossible to discover even half-a-dozen items worthy of comment. Earl of Dartrey carried off the Prince of Wales Stakes in good style from Dalham, Tartine, Stray Shot, Lacy, and Timour. Mr. Savile's horse had beaten Timour in the Craven Meeting, but, as he had now to give 7 lbs. extra, it was thought that Prince Soltykoff's horses would turn the tables. He was beaten, however, far more easily than before, and Earl of Dartrey, who, though of a first-class quality, is yet superior to the average of handicap horses, had no difficulty in bringing his 8 st. 9 lbs. to the front. On the third day of the meeting Camembert, Wild Tommy, Coltness, and Dandelion met on the Rowley Mile, and a good race between the first three ended in favour of Camembert by a neck, a like distance separating Wild Tommy from Coltness. The winner ran very fast in the Two Thousand, and, though not persevered with at the finish, was evidently quite as good as, if not better than, the majority of the field. For the Newmarket Stakes only Skylark and Glacis put in an appearance, and Lord Falmouth's unbeaten son of King Tom cantered away at his pleasure from Mr. Crawford's horse, who, it will be remembered, had been suddenly made a leading favourite for the Two Thousand only a few days before the race. If Skylark stands his preparation for the Derby he will be a worthy antagonist to Petrarch; but there are threatening rumours as to his ability to do the work required of him, especially if the ground continues hard during the next fortnight. It will be a pity if anything should happen to Skylark; for he is, as far as outward appearance goes, a thorough Derby horse, and he has proved himself a worthy son of a worthy sire.

We may just add a few words about the Chester Cup, which brought out a fair field of the class usually represented in this contest. It is not every horse that can manage the merry-go-round course at Chester, nor every owner who cares to risk a valuable animal upon it, nor every jockey who cares to run the chance of being knocked over the rails and having his neck broken. If only on account of the badness of the course, the decline of the Chester Cup would fail to excite surprise or regret. The eighteen runners last Wednesday included several old hands at Chester, such as Freeman, Organist, and Prodigal, as well as Tam o'Shanter, a fair handicap horse last season, Grey Palmer, Snail, Pageant, and a couple of three-year-olds of superior class, John Day and Julie Peachum. The handicap was, as usual, framed on a very mild scale, especially for the old horses, and the five-year-olds in the race carried under 8 st. each, while the two aged horses, Freeman and Prodigal, were only burdened with 8 st. 2 lbs. and 8 st. 6 lbs. respectively. The former of this pair was within an ace of repeating his victory of last year (when he carried only 7 lbs. less than on this occasion), but was just beaten by a short neck by Tam o'Shanter, who won the Liverpool Cup last summer with about the same weight allotted to him at Chester. Grey Palmer and Pageant, some way behind the leading pair, ran a good race home for third place, while the three-year-olds were nowhere. Indeed, if a five-year-old with 6 st. 11 lbs., and an aged horse with 8 st. 2 lbs.—both of them, it must be remembered, previous winners of large races—

cannot dispose of three-year-olds, unaccustomed to the course, with 6 st. and 6 st. 2 lbs. on their backs, they must be worth very little indeed. In some handicaps the handicapper's object would seem to be to weight the old horses out of the race altogether. That fault cannot be imputed to those who take the Chester Cup in hand. The old horses are indulged by them to the utmost, and even the winner of the Cup one year is only raised in the weights 7 lbs. the next. We should be much surprised if, when the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire come out next September, it were found that Duke of Parma and Sutton had only 7 lbs. extra each to carry on account of their victories in 1875.

REVIEWS.

ENGLISH VISITORS TO TIBET.*

THREE are some occasions when a traveller, whether his observations are profound or superficial, must possess a certain advantage over those who read or review him. He has actually looked on the bazaars, mountains, temples, rivers, and marts which he describes. But here we have a work in which, in one respect, the author and his critics stand on exactly the same footing. Very few Europeans have seen any part of Tibet, and only one Englishman has succeeded in reaching its capital. Whatever can be done by official diligence, geographical research, comparison of the works of British and foreign authors, and careful editing, to make a volume on Tibet accurate, interesting, and suggestive, that has been done by Mr. Markham. His volume is principally devoted to the reports of two Englishmen who managed to traverse a great deal of the country, the first just a century ago, and the latter within living memory. Their accounts are supplemented by some papers of certain Jesuits and missionaries, and there is a long introductory chapter of 160 pages into which Mr. Markham has skillfully packed everything that could throw light on the attempts made to open up a region almost as little known as the highlands of Central Africa. We have an excellent geographical sketch; a condensed account of the religion of Tibet; notices of Nepaul, Sikkim, and the Bhootan Duars; some fair illustrations and maps, old and new, and a summary of the English and native explorations in which pioneers, official and unofficial, for the last hundred years have tried to overcome the decided repugnance evinced by the Tibetan authorities to reciprocity of trade. The inaccuracies are so trivial as to be scarcely worth criticism; but we think that Mr. Markham has been so carried away by his zeal for geographical exploration as to overlook some of the political difficulties that beset governors and viceroys when they attempt to bring isolated potentates within the world's congress, and to convince them that bayonets and mountain guns are not the infallible accompaniments of pack-saddles, ponies, and piece-goods. In all that he says of the sagacity, the firmness, the tact shown by Warren Hastings, who is the father of Tibetan exploration, we entirely agree. But when he charges the successors of that able statesman with "indifference and neglect," and with carrying on "disastrous wars" not "waged for any broad imperial end, but on account of some petty squabble about boundaries," he forgets the essential conditions of our tenure of India, and he underrates the long series of conquest, war, and diplomacy, which after just a century has placed us where we hope to remain. There can be no such thing really as a "petty squabble" about the boundary of any portion of our Indian Empire from Chittagong or Tonghoo on the east to the sands of Beloochistan on the north-west. A dispute as to the true course of a river, or the rightful occupation of a jungly and pestilential tract at the foot of the hills, must be settled at once. Trade may wait. Questions of dominion or authority cannot stand over.

Before discussing the peculiarities of the two very different travellers whose narratives have now been brought to light by a combination of diligent research and rare good fortune, we may follow Mr. Markham through his account of the adventures in which perseverance, endurance of hardship, skill in overcoming obstructions, and acuteness of observation, have distinguished travellers of our own and other nations. A certain quaint Ralph Fitch, in 1583, had evidently heard of the trade with Tibet, but the honour of first reaching Lhasa belongs to a Friar Oderic of Pordenone, who got there some time between 1316 and 1330. Three centuries afterwards, Antonio Andrade, a Jesuit, penetrated to the sources of the Ganges, and through Tibet reached China. The missionaries Grueber and Derville reversed this order of travel, and arrived at Agra, from Pekin, in 214 days, spending two months at Lhasa in the interval. Then came another Jesuit, Fra Desideri, who, with a companion, went from Leh to Lhasa, and was recalled by the Pope. This was in 1729. He was succeeded by Orazio Della Penna in 1780, who managed to establish a mission at the capital, which subsisted for a quarter of a century. After this came the conquest of Nepal by the Goorkhas, who expelled the Newars, and an invasion of the little state of Koch or Kuch Behar by the Bhutanese afforded Hastings a legitimate pretext for interference and for the eventual despatch of

a mission to Tibet. Hence arose the expeditions of Bogle and Turner, the latter of whom was accompanied by two others, Lieutenant Davis and Dr. Saunders. Mr. Markham is, we repeat, needlessly severe on the successors of Hastings for not following up the commercial policy of their distinguished predecessor. But he knows quite enough of Indian history to remember some of the difficulties, internal and external, which are generally thought to have afforded scope enough for the talents of Cornwallis, Wellesley, and Minto, to say nothing of later Viceroys. The reorganization of the whole Civil Service, the establishment of executive and judicial courts over large provinces, two campaigns against Tippoo, wars in Upper India, and the Java expedition, sufficiently explain why those three statesmen postponed developing a commerce in which the natural impediments were enormous and the results comparatively small. With much better taste does Mr. Markham select for his praises such scholars as Csoma de Koros and Mr. Brian Hodgson, our Resident at Katmandu for nearly twenty-five years. And he ascribes more merit than we feel inclined to give to Dr. Campbell, for many years Superintendent of Darjeeling. We endorse his praises of Dr. Hooker, and his mention of natives, who are commonly known as Colonel Walker's and Colonel Montgomerie's Pundits. Their adroitness and versatility deceived Tibetan sentinels, and carried them to Shigatze, Teshu Lumbo, Giansu, and Lhassa in the garb of traders and Vakils. It would be hopeless for an Englishman to attempt such disguises, or to

put on the weeds of Dominic, or, as Franciscan, think to pass disguised.

The odd thing about these Pundits is that in this volume they have no names. Like Jean Valjean at the galleys, in *Les Misérables*, their identity is lost and they become mere ciphers. One man is A, another B, and a third is C. A fourth is designated as No. 9. Oriental titles and names may be a source of perplexity and trouble; but we do think that men who have run the risk of imprisonment and, possibly, death, who have crossed snowy passes nearly 19,000 feet in height, who have been stripped of everything by robbers, and who, in spite of the danger of detection at the hands of a suspicious priesthood, have managed to collect and record a quantity of interesting particulars, ought not to be ticketed like cattle at a prize show or valuables at a sale. Such men are the worthy successors of Purungir Gosain, who, a hundred years ago, rode races on the march with Bogle, wrote an interesting report of the death of the Teshu Lama, and represented us as Diplomatic Agent at the Tibetan Court, after the departure of his English superiors.

The interest of this work centres in Bogle and Manning. Hastings, like every Governor-General of extraordinary capacity, not only achieved success himself, but developed it in others. He was sagacious to detect and employ young men of nerve and character in difficult and dangerous posts. Robert Lindsay at Sylhet, Cleveland at Bhaugulpore, Alexander Elliott on the Nagpore mission, Bogle in the Himalayan passes, all received that support and encouragement which in our time produced men of the schools of Dalhousie or Palmerston. Bogle's narrative seems to have been lost or devoured by white ants at Calcutta. Fortunately, a copy of his journal with bundles of private correspondence was placed in Mr. Markham's hands by a lady who represents the family, that of the Bogles of Daldowie on the Clyde. After graduating in the Revenue department, Bogle was sent to Bhutan and Tibet in 1774. The result, as displayed in these papers, fully justified the selection of the Governor-General. Bogle seems to have possessed exactly the qualities likely to succeed on such a venture. Scotch caution in dealing with treacherous or deceitful Orientals; physical strength, hardihood, and indifference to exposure; that indefinable power of disarming suspicion, conciliating regard, and overcoming prejudice, which Indian military and civil servants have so eminently displayed; a hearty liking for his work; a quick eye for natural scenery, as well as for social peculiarities—none of these qualities were wanting in the Envoy, and he had acquired a style which, if not that of a highly cultivated scholar, is clear, forcible, and correct. He seems to have been absent nearly a year, five months of which were pleasantly spent at the palace of Teshu Lama at Teshu Lumbo. He also stayed at Tassitudon, the capital of Bhutan, at Desheripgay, and at a Tibetan country seat. Nothing but the jealousy of a high functionary, termed the Gesub Rimboche, prevented his winding up his story with a description of Lhassa. The English envoy and the Tibetan ruler seem, however, to have parted with a sincere regard for each other, which was justified by the good sense of the one and the simple and amiable disposition of the Lama. Much that is new and as interesting as M. Huc's work will be found in the two hundred pages reserved for Bogle and his correspondence with the Governor-General. We have only room for a few details. Bogle showed himself just half a century ahead of his age in condemning the practice of Suttee as degrading and barbarous. The Bhutanese, he remarked, knew of no such custom, which he left behind him with the mild Hindus of the plains. He was entirely against the occupation of Bhootan, or any military expeditions into Lhassa. When he dined with the Lama he was treated to some excellent mutton, dried fruits from China and Kashmir, treacle cakes, and "platted biscuits." When asked to speak English, he repeated some verses of Gray's *Elegy*. On another occasion, in order to describe the bleak and desolate aspect of Tibet between Parigong and Desheripgay, he could find no lines more appropriate than those addressed to

* *Narratives of the Mission of George Bogle to Tibet, and of the Journey of Thomas Manning to Lhasa.* Edited, with Notes, an Introduction, and Lives of Mr. Bogle and Mr. Manning, by Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

Scotland by the schoolfellow of Hastings, Churchill the poet. In the palace of the Deo Raja of Bhutan he lighted on a print of Lady Waldegrave, who subsequently became Duchess of Gloucester; though how this engraving got to Tassisudon, in company with silver pagodas, "silks, ribbons, and other gew-gaws," we are not told. The Vakil of Chait-Sing, whose episode with Hastings has been immortalized by Macaulay, had represented the English as "designing and ambitious," and as persons who insinuated themselves into a country on pretence of trade, and tried to become its masters afterwards. From a native point of view there is a good deal to be said in favour of this description. Yet, in spite of this tribute to our national activity, there does seem to have been some ground for the expectations formed by Bogle and relied on by the editor, of increased facilities for trade with these secluded regions. The real obstacle lay in the predominance of Chinese counsels, and in positive orders from Pekin. Possibly these obstructions might have been removed; but the Teshu Lama, who had reached the Chinese capital after an arduous journey, died there of small-pox, and Bogle himself, who had contemplated meeting his friend by a sea voyage to Canton, was cut off prematurely at Calcutta at the early age of thirty-four. He had just been nominated to a seat in the Board of Revenue, which was to have charge of "all the collections in the provinces."

It is curious that while three Englishmen entered Tibet on distinct missions at the close of the last and the beginning of this century, the crowning triumph of reaching its capital should have been reserved for the one man who, in point of character and qualifications, might have been thought the least likely to succeed. Not that Manning was wanting in talent, and his diary is replete with amusing and ludicrous incidents. But he seems to have been in some points a compound of Boswell, Pepys, and Leech's happy creation, Mr. Briggs. He had the vanity and self-assertion of the first, and the candour of the second; while he occasionally got involved in predicaments which seem fitted for the third in the pages of *Punch*. His education was peculiar. The second son of a country rector in Norfolk, he learnt classics, mathematics, and philosophy with his father, and eventually went to Cambridge, which he left without taking a degree because of his repugnance to oaths and tests. He became, however, the friend of Porson and Charles Lamb. Something turned his attention to the Chinese Empire, and his studies on this subject induced the first Napoleon to exempt him from detention, along with other Englishmen, on the commencement of the long war in 1803. He went from Paris to England, and then to China, and finally arrived at Calcutta during the administration of Lord Minto. Though backed by Sir Joseph Banks, by the Geographical Society, and by the merchants of Canton, he received little or no aid from the Indian Government; and he started with a few native servants, a slender purse, and his own resources, for Bhutan and Tibet, *via* Rungpore, in September 1811, getting back to Koch Behar on the borders of north-eastern Bengal, in June 1812. Possibly his success may have been due to the unostentatious character of his undertaking, or even to the oddity of his appearance and manners. The man Friday of this queer Robinson Crusoe figures as a Chinese, picked up at Canton, whom Manning calls his "Munshi" throughout, as if he had been a Mahomedan teacher of languages. This person had learnt Latin somewhere from some Roman Catholic priest; but he was given to fits of ill-temper and grumbling. He had no appreciation of the beauties of natural scenery or "relish for prospects." He was cross-grained with sick people who flocked to Manning for prescriptions and were dosed with calomel and less powerful medicines. Once the Munshi substituted pewter spoons for his master's silver, but he was made to restore them by threats such as Frank Osbaldestone used to Andrew Fairservice when he brought him a three-legged animal called "Souple Tam," instead of a sound pony. Manning was equal to this and other trials. Though he more than once complains of the "cruel stones"; though he described the inhabitants as "all cheats," and the interpreter as stupid; though he was assigned a vicious horse, with stirrups of no kindred, like Petruchio's, that ran clean away with him over "concealed holes, frozen knobs of earth, and flakes of ice"; though he arrived at Lhassa, "muddled and dirty, with his face and forehead fiery red, especially on the right side," and though he was subjected to divers other strange inconveniences, he never lost heart or thought of turning back. He made the best appearance in his power when introduced to the Grand Lama, and gave him a *nuzzur* of fine broadcloth, brand-new dollars, some pieces of zinc, and two brass candlesticks; these latter articles, he is candid enough to confess, were the property of the Honourable East India Company, and had been only lent to him out of the stores at Canton. But his "faithful" old Chinaman stowed them away in his trunks at departure. However, Manning consoles himself with the happy thought that the Company cannot but be pleased at the fate of their candlesticks, and the "high and honourable use" to which they were put. Then there is an episode of a mad mandarin, uncombed, unwashed, and begrimed with dirt, whom he physicked with calomel. Indeed he seems to have done little else than prescribe for all sorts of complaints—sore eyes, dropsy, indigestion. The crazy mandarin was a patient who "could do him no credit," and this unlucky official died raving mad. A good and upright mandarin came to a worse end, and was executed because he would not be a party to the surrender of an innocent man to pass for a culprit when justice required one. This is a not very common instance of Oriental regard for truth and innocence. We must refer our readers to the book for other odd incidents; how Manning's clothes, which had been packed

in a basket, were dropped into the river by the coolies and converted to solid lumps of ice; and how he threatened to knock down a Chinaman who brought him three coins instead of twenty, which he had fixed as his fee. This incident occurred at Lhassa, and evidently enhanced the respect in which this eccentric and high-handed foreigner was held. Other tender passages—an of an interview with the plump and handsome mother of one of the Thalungs or head-magistrates, and with two well-dressed and clean-washed, but giggling lasses, who consulted him for their ailments, real or imaginary—read, as we have said before, like an extract from Pepys's Diary.

The work, we may say in conclusion, is full of interesting matter, arranged and set off by careful editing. There is a first-rate index. It is evident that the main obstructions to our intercourse with Tibet originate with the Court at Pekin. The fear of conquest under the guise of commerce, which is felt at Lhassa, Katmandhu, and elsewhere, might be got over. Mr. Markham's compilation is an abundant proof that this sensitiveness was aroused in the days of Warren Hastings, and there is no need to ascribe our exclusion from these regions to some dreadful incapacity on the part of less capable statesmen than the impeached and badly used servant of the old Company; the great statesman whose portrait, as Macaulay said, with its striking motto, still hangs in the Council Chamber at Calcutta, and who, to borrow what the same author said of Chatham, even now seems to bid India be of good cheer and to hurl defiance at her foes.

WRITINGS AND LETTERS OF DR. WHEWELL.*

THE form of the present work is unusual, and it must be confessed somewhat unattractive. We have abundance of books containing the lives of eminent men, or their letters, or life and letters thrown together. In the present case, however, the circumstances mentioned by Mr. Todhunter in his preface have led to a forced separation between the biographical and the literary part of the task. It appears that a regular biography of Dr. Whewell is under the hands of the persons most competent to do justice to the subject, and will shortly appear; and it is almost to be regretted that the publication of the matter now before us should not have been withheld so as to come after, or at least to coincide with, that of the biography. For this is really to a great extent in the nature of a book of reference to be used as an appendix to the Life, and will no doubt be so used hereafter. It has another peculiarity which makes it ill fitted to stand or to be dealt with as a book complete in itself. The character and contents of the two volumes are entirely different. The second contains a selection of letters written by Dr. Whewell to various persons, mostly on literature and science; such correspondence of a more intimate kind as it is thought proper to make public being reserved, as we understand, for the forthcoming biography. The first can only be described as a very full and elaborate *catalogue raisonné* and bibliography of the whole of Dr. Whewell's works. The history of the various writings, analysis of their contents, accounts of the notices and controversies they called forth, are brought together with minute care, and the editor adds a certain amount of comment and criticism of his own. We do not remember to have seen anything much like this before, and we have some difficulty in understanding what sort of readers Mr. Todhunter had in view in the preparation of it. It will, no doubt, be of great use to the librarian or book-collector who desires to possess or to verify a complete set of the works in question. But then the descriptive and discursive matter which makes up the bulk of the volume would for this purpose be not only superfluous, but inconvenient. In the same way, the historian of science and philosophy will find in various parts of the book a quantity of references and information capable of doing him good service; but these, again, he would find distributed amongst other matters of little or no relevance to his purposes. It is hardly lawful to add that, by the very nature and conditions of the undertaking, the book has no pretensions to literary form, and cannot by any stretch of good will or interest in the subject be called readable in any natural sense. In justice to Mr. Todhunter it must be said that he is himself perfectly aware of this. He expresses his own conviction "that the separation of a biographical work into distinct portions under different editors, notwithstanding any apparent advantages, is really a mistake." His preface is not like a preface to an ordinary volume of memoirs; it leads us to expect nothing else than that which in fact comes after it—a severe and exhaustive text-book of Dr. Whewell's literary life. The directions given in the preface afford, indeed, all the means of getting up the book for examination, and, in the event of a Whewell tripos being established at Cambridge, we have no doubt that Mr. Todhunter's directions would be of great value to the candidates. This mode of treatment may have been in part unconsciously determined by the habit of writing mathematical text-books for examination purposes; but we admit that no better was possible under the circumstances. In spite of all the drawbacks, however, it is impossible to look through either this volume, or the volume of letters of which we shall presently speak, without being struck with the wonderful range and versatility of the late Master of

* William Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge: an Account of his Writings, with Selections from his Literary and Scientific Correspondence. By I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

Trinity's tastes and pursuits. It is curious that in an early article on Greek mathematics he made a remark on the dangers of omniscience which precisely anticipates, though in a less epigrammatic form, the familiar remark made by Sydney Smith on Whewell himself:—

Eratosthenes was a cotemporary of the Sicilian mathematicians, and was a remarkable instance of great acquirements in very different branches of knowledge. He is generally called by the ancients Eratosthenes the grammarian or philologer; and though he comes under our notice as a great geometer and astronomer, he was also a poet and an antiquary. It is seldom that one person attempts to master so many subjects, without incurring the charge and perhaps the danger of being superficial.

But it is only fair to call to mind the graver testimony of Sir John Herschel on this matter of Dr. Whewell's omniscience:—

A more wonderful variety and amount of knowledge in almost every department of human inquiry was perhaps never in the same interval of time accumulated by any man.

Besides dealing fully with the published works, the editor introduces us in more or less detail to various unpublished pieces found amongst Dr. Whewell's papers. The most interesting of these is a scientific extravagance belonging to the time of the controversy which was excited by the essay on the "Plurality of Worlds." Reversing the usual order of such fictions, it sets forth the adventures of a moon-man who has found his way to the earth, purporting to have been related by him to a European traveller in the East, and by the traveller reported to the civilized world. It is not less interesting than other fictions of the same kind which have become popular in later years, and the physics of it are, as one would expect, much more plausible. Why it was left unpublished does not appear; but Mr. Todhunter has done well to bring it, though tardily, to the light. We cannot equally commend his judgment in printing several pages of stray notes and fragments in prose and verse which are of little interest in themselves and can certainly add nothing to Dr. Whewell's reputation. Some of the critical notes that occur among these are surprising. Take, for instance, this on Lamb:—

Ella (Essays by Ch. Lamb). Ingenious, and shewing a kind and good-humoured disposition in many places; but conceited and strained. The singular narrowness of his materials and mode of speculation forces him to follow out all the phraseological, moral, and metaphysical relations of his subject in the narrow field which his habits of combination and observation give him.

One or two good things are reproduced from occasional and now forgotten pieces in the course of the volume. The following appropriate anecdote occurs in a paper on the Use of Definitions contributed to the Philological Museum in 1833:—

At one of the meetings of the Geological Society of London, a memoir was read on "The Green Sand," by an eminent member of the Society. At these meetings, the readings are followed by oral discussions, usually conducted with a rare mixture of acuteness and good breeding. On the occasion just mentioned, a distinguished geologist, well known both for the extent of his knowledge and the fastidiousness of his taste, stated that he had three objections to the *Title* of the paper: First, to the article *The*, since there are several green sands; second to the adjective *Green*, since the stratum spoken of is more commonly red; third to the substantive *Sand*, because in many cases it is more calcareous than siliceous. The subtlety of this criticism was applauded; but the name still keeps its ground, and is to this day a good and serviceable name, inasmuch as it is universally understood to designate certain members in a known and widely extended series of strata.

As a rule, Mr. Todhunter confines himself severely to his bibliographical duties. Once or twice, however, his own feelings on particular subjects break through. The late Master of Trinity had, as is well known, a great fancy for English hexameters, and was always making experiments in that metre. A chapter is accordingly given to this subject, but the editor expresses a pretty positive dissent from Dr. Whewell's views. He sums up with justice the objections to English hexameters, which appear to us as well as to him sufficiently decisive. We are less able to follow him when from Whewell's Philosophy of Science he goes off, not merely to mention John Grote's *Exploratio Philosophica* (which so far is relevant enough, as Dr. Whewell's work is there discussed), but to volunteer some general criticism on it, and in particular to suggest that Professor Grote overrated Ferrier's Institutes of Metaphysic, which are, in Mr. Todhunter's opinion, only a clever academical exercise. Now Mr. Todhunter is by profession a mathematician, and not a metaphysician, and he is not bound to know Ferrier's work at all; but he need not have spoken about it without knowing that the opinion entertained of it by most competent judges, including two or three whose general philosophy was quite opposed to Ferrier's, has been an extremely different one.

We pass on to the volume of Dr. Whewell's letters, which cover a space of something more than half a century. A postscript to the first of them (April 1814) throws in as the last piece of news that "Babylon is fallen, that mighty city. The Allies entered Paris by capitulation on the 30th." A peaceful and private entry into Paris, intended by the writer a few years later, was cut short by a collision in the Channel, where the packet the travellers had embarked in foundered with all their luggage. Little touches like this bring home the difference of the times more strongly than the references to greater matters. Apart from the interest given to them by mere distance, the letters of the earlier years are in themselves the most lively and interesting part of the series. They show us the first freshness and flexibility of a powerful mind which, although it remained large and comprehensive to the last, did nevertheless settle in latter days, as indeed commonly happens, except with a few men of surpassing genius or singular happiness of temper, into a certain rigidity. At all times, however, whether

earlier or later, there runs through the writer's mind as manifested in his correspondence the same constant strain of scientific culture, and, one may add, without claiming any undue pre-eminence for Cambridge, of that culture as especially pursued in the spirit and method of his own University, which loves to deal with science as not sharply distinguished from common sense, but as being a development of it. Not only was Whewell a man of science, but his science was distinctly of England and of Cambridge. Under the date 1829 we find an amusing passage on the vagaries of some German speculation:—

These Germans are undoubtedly strange hands at system-making. I met with a fellow the other day who had made a system of what he called Biotomy, by which he explained how the elements of time in a man's life and space on the surface of the earth had a marvelous analogy with one another. You would not think it worth while to attend to the details of this wonderful theory, but the man (a very grave professor at Bonn) declared to me confidentially that he considered it as great a discovery as the Copernican system—provided, he said, it be true, of which I cannot doubt. Another man has got a project to determine whether the moon is inhabited by rational creatures; which is of this kind. You must build a huge wall on Salisbury Plain in the shape of the 47th proposition of Euclid. If the lunarians are rational they must by this time have made out a system of geometry, which must be the same wherever reason is. They will see your diagram. They will answer you by building something else, I suppose the 48th proposition. I think I shall go and see this learned Theban, who lives at Munich.

In a letter of 1831 to Mr. Jones are some excellent remarks on scientific method, and the impossibility of learning it in general terms without examples. "If there be any practical inference to be drawn from the nature of true philosophy, it is this, that general propositions can no otherwise be understood than by understanding the instances they include." We regret that we have not space to extract the whole paragraph in which this most true saying occurs. Among other matters of particular interest in this volume, we may mention the various references to the introduction of analytical methods in Cambridge mathematics, and other changes in the current studies and opinions of the place; the letters to Lyell and Faraday on scientific nomenclature, where we see Whewell actually coining the now familiar geological terms of *eocene*, *miocene*, *pliocene*; and several letters to Sir James Stephen in the autumn of 1853 on the special subject of the Plurality of Worlds. There is not much political allusion, but such as there is shows a gradual change from Whig to Conservative tenets, of the kind that might almost have been predicted in Whewell's position and circumstances. In 1820 he speaks of the conduct of the Government with the sarcasm of ardent and liberal youth; in 1838 he scorns the *Westminster* Reviewers as "destructives and utilitarians"; and in 1851 he holds Free-trade to be a palpable fallacy. There is a mistake in one letter which must be noticed because it is very common, and every repetition, especially by a man of learning and accomplishment, adds to the prevalent error. In writing to Murchison of the British Association, and of his own intended farewell to natural science, Dr. Whewell fell into the current misquotation of the last words of *Lycidas* as "fresh fields and pastures new."

THE GULF OF LYONS.*

M. CHARLES LENTHÉRIC is an engineer (des Ponts et Chaussées) with a strong taste for the study of antiquities, and a habit of collecting facts. Having passed the happiest time of his life on the shores of the Gulf of Lyons, and having always taken the strongest interest in that very curious and remarkable country, he has learned a great deal more about it than the passing tourist could possibly learn, and so it was that the materials for the present volume have slowly accumulated in his mind. It is easy to see how all the different studies pursued by the author, both in his professional capacity as an engineer and unprofessionally as an archaeologist, have combined to produce a work which has grown as naturally as the fruit upon a tree. Every critic knows that the really valuable books are those which grow in this way out of the author's life, out of his studies and his experience combined, whilst the worthless books are generally those which have been systematically manufactured. The volume before us is a curious combination of science, history, and legend. It is both sentimental and practical; sentimental, not in any bad sense, but because the author evidently has strong sentiments of affection for the country he talks about, and for the legends which he believes; practical, because he always has an eye to what can be done, or could be done, or has been done, by human effort to alter its natural conditions.

Of all books of geography none are so interesting as those which deal with some very circumscribed extent of territory, thoroughly explored by the author, and known to him in all its minutest details. There is an art in reading such books which is necessary to the full enjoyment of them. The great thing is for the reader to get himself into such a state of mind that he can shut out everything else, and be seriously interested for the time in a little piece of the earth's surface. This ought not to be difficult in the present case, for the country about the mouths of the Rhône is one of the most interesting in Europe, and, although so many travellers pass through Marseilles, it is surprising how little is generally known about it. The reason of this is that the interest of the region in question is scientific or historical, but not picturesque.

* *Les villes mortes du golfe de Lyon, Illiberris, Ruscino, Narbon, Agde, Maguelone, Aiguesmortes, Arles, Les Saintes Maries.* Par Charles Lenthéric. Paris: Pion.

The delta of the Rhône is not a pleasant land, and therefore not a region which the ordinary tourist would ever explore thoroughly for his pleasure. Artists seldom feel much attracted to a desert; so they care nothing for the Rhône after Arles, and get on to Mentone and Monaco as fast as they can. The only tourist who is likely to give any serious attention to this region is either the scientific or the historical tourist; but, to make the enjoyment of it complete, the two characters ought to be united in one person. It would be better, for the enjoyment of such an ugly country, that the explorer should not be too much of an artist, or else he would very likely get out of patience with it, and leave it before his work was thoroughly done. All these positive and negative conditions are united in M. Lenthéric. He is scientifically educated, and has what the French call "le sens historique" very strongly developed. At the same time, although he shows some taste and judgment, we believe that his artistic perceptions are not keen enough to produce any strong repugnances. His style is readable, but a little heavy, like the well-known archaeological style. It has no charm except the truthfulness and honesty of the writer and his desire to convey clearly to the reader the best information that he can offer.

The plan of the book is orderly and simple. The author begins in his "Première Partie" by studying the formation of shores and deltas geologically, with reference specially to the shore of the Gulf of Lyons and the delta of the Rhône. In the "Seconde Partie" he becomes more historical and more minutely topographic at the same time, travelling very carefully over the whole of the ground, and telling us a great deal which is not to be learned from ordinary travellers or guide-books. We ought perhaps to observe that M. Lenthéric is an ardent Roman Catholic, and therefore much more disposed than we should be to accept religious traditions, which, if they were only true history, would unquestionably add greatly to the interest of certain localities. At the conclusion of the work the author devotes a chapter to the decadence and regeneration of the region he has been describing, and then come nineteen documents of various kinds which he prints as "pièces justificatives." The book is illustrated by fifteen maps and plans, the only objection to which is that they are too exclusively antiquarian. The first map, for example, is a "Carte du littoral ancien du golfe de Lyon"—that is, a map of the Gulf in the days of the ancient Romans, while there is no such thing in the whole volume as a map of the Gulf in its present state. Out of the fifteen maps and plans ten are antiquarian.

The Rhône is described summarily in the first part of the work. It is the most important river, after the Nile, which falls into the Mediterranean, and it is the swiftest river in Europe. Its total length is 820 kilometres. It becomes "flottable" at Bellegarde, which means that from that point it is used for floating logs of wood. A French river is "flottable" from the place where logs of wood will be carried down the stream, and it is "navigable" from the place where it can be used by canal-boats. The Rhône is not classed as a navigable river till it reaches Lyons, but after that place, being enriched by its marriage with the Saône, it is good even for steam navigation all the way to Marseilles. There are a few rapids, but the ordinary swiftness of the current between Lyons and Beaucaire is from one and a half metre to two and a half metres a second in the ordinary state of the waters, though in flood-time it often exceeds four metres per second. If these measures are accurate, we may say that on an average the ordinary current of the Rhône will be about one hundred and twenty yards a minute, or more than four miles an hour, whilst in many places it will reach five miles, and in the rapids probably a good deal more. This is certainly much above the usual average of navigable rivers. During the whole of its course between Lyons and Beaucaire the Rhône rolls gravel and pebbles which become smaller as they approach the sea. Between Beaucaire and Arles the gravel is finally reduced to the condition of mud or fine sand. In this part of its course the stream becomes almost as level as a lake. At Arles its surface is little more than one metre above the surface of the sea, and yet it has still a course of 50,000 metres before it. The width of the river becomes very great, in some places several miles. In this region the Rhône deposits the burden it has brought down from the upper country, and here it forms islets which are constantly changing. There is also one great island which divides the river in two, and forms the delta. M. Lenthéric is very clear in his explanation of the difference between rivers with deltas, such as the Nile and the Rhône, and rivers with estuaries, such as the Thames and the Seine, a difference which is attributable to the presence or absence of tides:—

C'est à l'action de la mer seule qu'il faut attribuer cette différence radicale entre les formes des embouchures. Les estuaires les plus profonds se trouvent sur les côtes où l'influence du flux et du reflux est la plus sensible; l'oblitération des embouchures n'a lieu, au contraire, que dans les mers sans marée.

On conçoit, en effet, que lorsque les limons et les sables de fond entraînés par le courant du fleuve rencontrent la masse des eaux tranquilles d'une mer intérieure, ils se déposent immédiatement et forment un bourrelet d'alluvions qui affecte la forme d'une courbe dont la convexité est naturellement tournée vers la mer. Ce dépôt est plus ou moins remanié par le mouvement des vagues; mais il finit par atteindre une certaine fixité, se développe et forme une île qui divise le courant du fleuve en deux; telle est l'origine de delta.

Lorsque, au contraire, de fortes marées, après avoir fait gonfler les eaux du fleuve sur une étendue considérable en amont, déterminent par la retraite des eaux une chasse puissante, ces dépôts sont balayés par ce courant énergique et, transportés ensuite par les courants littoraux, vont se perdre dans des parties profondes ou concourir au développement de bancs de sable, à une distance assez grande des embouchures; c'est ainsi que se conservent les estuaires.

This is a good first statement of the case, but the author hastens to qualify it by observing that there are many instances of a mixed kind where islands are formed analogous to those of true deltas, and yet where, between the islands, there are openings of a certain depth, kept clear by weak tides, which have the character of minor estuaries. In all tideless seas the mouths of rivers closely resemble, in principle, that of the Rhône. Having led us to this point, the author goes on to compare the three principal deltas of the Mediterranean.

The sandy beach of the Gulf of Lyons has an almost regular slope to the sea of one in a hundred, and the action of the waves forms a rib of sand all along the coast, which M. Elie de Beaumont calls the *cordon littoral*. This is the line which divides land from sea, but a line continually modified. It is to this *cordon littoral* that M. Lenthéric attributes the formation of the lagunes near the shore, which were all originally shallow bays, and were afterwards separated from the sea by ridges of sand formed by currents running parallel with the coast. The Rhône brings every year an enormous quantity of sediment down to its delta and its mouths, a quantity estimated by an engineer, M. Surell, at 17,000,000 of cubic metres. Our author justly observes that armies of workmen would be required to perform the same labour. The land at the larger mouth of the Rhône advances into the sea at the rate of fifty metres a year.

M. Lenthéric affirms, what we have always supposed, that there is not the slightest connexion between the name of the Gulf of Lyons and that of the city at the junction of the Saône and the Rhône. In old texts it is generally called *sinus Gallicus*; but in the fourteenth century—not earlier—a few writers began to call it *sinus Leonis*, the Gulf of the Lion, which has nothing to do with Lugdunum, Lyons. Some have supposed that the leonine appellation was due to the fury of the winds and waves in the gulf, which made mariners compare it to the most terrible animal they knew.

Hardly anything is really known of the early Phoenician settlers on the coast about Marseilles. They are said to have set up different trading establishments about 1000 B.C., Marseilles amongst the rest; but we get nearer to authentic history when the Phœcean colony comes and establishes itself about 600 B.C. and expands rapidly, doing a considerable trade with the interior. These Greek settlers coined money much better than the local populations, and their coins are still continually found in the interior of France. It is supposed that the remarkable beauty of the women of the lower classes in some of the most southern of the towns on the Rhône is due to their Greek ancestors; and in the humblest arts, such as pottery, there are traditions still practised which have descended uninterruptedly from the Greeks. The Roman influences in the Gulf of Lyons are of course much more visible, especially in their architecture. This brings us to a very pretty example of antiquarian ingenuity. Given the fragment of a wall, how are we to calculate from it the population of a city? M. Lenthéric manages this, at least approximately, as follows. The city is Narbonne, and he wishes to find out how many inhabitants there were in the old Roman city of Narbo-Martius. The way he sets about it is as follows. Are there any remains of the theatre? Hardly any; all that is known of the Roman theatre is that it was situated near the present cathedral, on the site of the old cloister of Saint-Just, where, in the cellars of some modern houses, are still to be seen the vaulted arches which supported the higher seats. Are there more complete remains of the amphitheatre? Yes, there are a few fragments of its exterior wall. From the direction of these it is easy to recover, geometrically, the exact shape of the complete oval. Referring them to other known amphitheatres still in good preservation, M. Lenthéric easily estimates the number of people who could find places in that of Narbonne. The proportion between the number of people which a Roman amphitheatre would hold and the number of inhabitants in the town where it was situated is also pretty well known. That of Nîmes is large enough to contain 25,000 spectators. M. Lenthéric affirms that the city never had more than 50,000 inhabitants. The amphitheatre at Arles contained 26,000 spectators, the theatre there contained 16,000, say 40,000 between them, and M. Lenthéric says it is very doubtful whether the whole population of Arles ever got beyond 80,000. After mentioning several other places, he comes to the conclusion that the proportion observed in Roman cities was as two to one between the population and the number of people who could sit down at once in all the great public places of amusement added together. This would give a population for Narbonne of something over 50,000, calculating by the amphitheatre; but as there was a theatre also, the general total may have been about 70,000.

The author gives a very interesting chapter to the strange little city of Aiguesmortes, which is surrounded by walls of the time of the Crusades, still in perfect preservation, and would be therefore, for this reason only, one of the greatest archaeological curiosities in Europe; but its geographical situation adds greatly to the strangeness of the place, though not, we should imagine, to its charms as a permanent residence. The town is surrounded by an immense plain, upon which the great marshes and lakes and the barriers of sand that form the *cordons littoraux* are drawn as if on a map, and may be well seen from its lofty towers. In the year 1840 the Rhône covered all this space and washed the very walls of the old town all round, giving it exactly the appearance of a vast mediæval fortress rising directly from the sea. It thus recovered for a time something of its mediæval appearance, for in the middle ages the country around it was more frequently submerged than it

is now, and the *étangs* were both deeper and vaster than they are at the present day. In those days there was no port at Aiguesmortes, but the ships could come within about three miles of the town. In the present day it has a port, which is accessible by a good channel for small vessels; but it has no commerce, being only visited by about three thousand tons of shipping annually, chiefly small Spanish orange boats from the Balearic Islands. There is a good deal of fishing at Aiguesmortes by means of a fleet of forty large lateeners. The marshes in the neighbourhood yield a surprising quantity of salt; no less than sixty thousand tons annually.

M. Lenthéric says that the walls and towers of Aiguesmortes have been more perfectly preserved than any others in Europe of the same age, and perhaps even than any others in the world, having escaped the double dangers of destruction and restoration. At Narbonne Francis I. used the Roman temples, amphitheatres, &c., as a quarry for the building of his new walls, and these walls in their turn are now being destroyed at several different points. M. Lenthéric remarks, with reason, that in France people have gone from the extreme of destructiveness to the other equally dangerous extreme of excessive restoration. At Aiguesmortes the fortifications of Philippe le Hardi remain just as he left them. They form almost a perfect quadrangle, with fifteen towers and nine gates. The plan of this great fortress is that usually adopted by the Crusaders in Syria and all the East. The walls are embattled, but not machicolated, and are constructed of large stones with bosses on them. There is a very close resemblance between Aiguesmortes and the Antioch of the thirteenth century, as M. Lenthéric makes clear by an engraving from a manuscript of that time. All round Aiguesmortes is nothing but a solitude and a desert. The country is flat; there are few trees:—

La campagne d'Aiguesmortes est d'une incomparable tristesse; les marais qui couvrent le sol à perte de vue frangent l'horizon, dont les lignes sont brouillées par des effets de mirage assez confus. Le sol, pénétré de sel marin, ne donne naissance qu'à des plantes ternes, aux feuilles grasses, aux fleurs incolores, des jones, des soudes, des salicornes, émaillées ça et là de quelques lis marins. La terre végétale n'existe pas encore, et il faudra peut-être des siècles pour que la culture prenne possession des bas fonds de ses étangs saumâtres, dernières lagunes d'une mer disparue. Les blanches mouettes et les flamants roses, si nombreux en Egypte, animent seuls la surface de ces immenses flaques d'eau, sur les rives desquelles on voit errer silencieusement des troupeaux nomades de taureaux noirs et de chevaux camargues, qui ont conservé l'allure sarrasine de leurs ancêtres ramenés par les croisés.

M. Lenthéric gives a remarkable description of "Les Saintes Maries," which consists at the present day of an old edifice, half fortress, half cathedral, with a few wretched dwellings grouped about it. He says that perhaps in all the world there is not a place with a poorer appearance, but to him it seems one of the richest in sacred associations, for he fully believes the legend that the family from Bethany landed here about the year 40 A.D. to escape the persecutions which had already attacked the early Christians. These holy emigrants were the sister of the Virgin, the mother of James the Less, and the mother of the apostles James and John. They were accompanied by a poor servant named Sara, who has since become the patron of wanderers in the Camargue. Lazarus, the resuscitated, was with them, so was Martha, and Mary Magdalene. Lazarus went to Marseilles, Martha to Tarascon, Mary Magdalene to Sainte-Baume, leaving the two other Maries with their servant Sara.

The last chapter of the book is dedicated to the study of the *littoral* in its slow decadence, and of measures which might in some degree restore it. M. Lenthéric is anxious that the authorities should plant trees in great quantities upon the sand-hills, and mentions the success with which this measure has been attended both in Holland and Gascony. Such a measure, if carried out with the necessary perseverance and authority, would, he is convinced, be of the greatest ultimate utility in fixing the sand and permitting agriculture in certain parts of the desert at the mouths of the Rhône. The shallow lagunes, which are very unhealthy, ought, he thinks, to be dried completely as soon as possible, and the navigable ones kept open. Unlike most archaeologists, M. Lenthéric seems to have a lively sense of the needs of the present and the possibilities of the future.

MR. LOWELL'S NEW VOLUME.*

THIS book, like everything that Mr. Lowell has done in prose, is a most provoking performance. Few living writers have at once so much knowledge of poetical literature and so much critical power as Mr. Lowell, and certainly none of those who in power and knowledge are his equals would be guilty of the sad faults of taste which he seems to take a positive pleasure in committing. We have not studied the American mind profoundly enough to decide quite accurately how far Mr. Lowell's sins are to be laid to his own charge and how far to his country's; but we fancy we can detect in his extravagance and fondness for display something of the inexperience which besets literary men when they find themselves called on to set the fashion of a young society. No doubt the suggestion will make Mr. Lowell very angry, and he will take it as another instance of that "certain condescension in foreigners" about which in another book he has written in such an entertaining way. Libraries, in spite of what he there says, do

not "make all nations equally old in all those respects, at least, where age is an advantage and not a defect." Even literary men are not formed by books alone, but by a hundred obscure influences, the taste of their readers being one of the most important. Unfortunately it is too true that Mr. Lowell's readers have not yet learnt all of them, to distinguish subtlety from farfetchedness, a careful style from a laboured one, richness from decoration dragged in anyhow, vividness of treatment from extravagant illustration where the metaphors are as incongruous as the colours in a badly-arranged opera scene. Would any other nation in the world tolerate from one of its first-rate writers a paragraph like this from *My Study Windows?*—a paragraph, by the way, which Mr. Lowell must have composed as at once the caricature and the condemnation of his own manner:—"The vulgar intellectual palate hankers after the titillation of a foaming phrase, and thinks nothing good for much that does not go off with a pop like a champagne cork. The mellow suavity of more precious vintages seems insipid; but the taste in proportion as it refines learns to appreciate the indefinable flavour, too subtle for analysis. A manner has prevailed of late in which every other word seems to be underscored as in a schoolgirl's letter. The poet seems intent on showing his sinew, as if the power of the slim Apollo lay in the girth of his biceps. Force for the mere sake of force ends like Milo, caught and held mocking fast by the recoil of the log he undertook to rive. In the race of fame there are a score capable of brilliant *sports* for one who comes in winner after a steady pull with wind and muscle to spare." Here, in a dozen lines, there are four distinct metaphors, none of them of especial elegance, to illustrate a very simple truth. If Mr. Lowell sees the pitfall so clearly, and knows its danger so well that he warns us against it in four different ways, it is distressing that he should fall into it so readily himself.

The passage we have quoted is from a book published some years ago; but it is only too fair a sample of faults which have become inveterate. The volume now before us, a second series of *Among my Books*, absolutely teems with sentences of the same sort. It is a series of essays on great poets—Dante, Spenser, Wordsworth, Milton, and Keats. Mr. Lowell seems to have determined that, as it was difficult to say anything very new in substance about these writers, he would at all events say plenty that was new in manner. Let us give a few instances, premising only that, bad as they are when read by themselves, they are a hundred times worse when the reader comes upon them suddenly in the midst of dignified passages of biography, or fixed like a bit of harsh colour among sober criticisms, or, worst and oftenest, set as pendant and antithesis to some wise saw, such as Wordsworth might have uttered. In the essay on Spenser (p. 155) we have:—

Spenser wrote from a strong inward impulse . . . to escape at all risks into the fresh air from that horrible atmosphere into which rhymester had been pumping carbonic acid gas with the full force of his lungs.

In p. 168:—

Spenser's notions of love were so nobly pure, so far from those of our common ancestor, who could hang by his tail, as not to disqualify him from achieving the quest of the Holy Grail; and accordingly it is not uninteresting to remember that he had drunk, among others, at French sources not yet debosked by absinthe.

In p. 184:—

So entirely are beauty and delight in it the native element of Spenser, that whenever in the *Faery Queen* you come suddenly on the moral, it gives you a shock of unpleasant surprise, a kind of grit, as when one's teeth close on a bit of gravel in a dish of strawberries and cream.

What follows in the same page sounds very pretty, but, after long meditation, we have given up the attempt to find a meaning for it:—

To characterize his style in a single word I should call it *costly*. None but the daintiest and nicest phrases will serve him, and he allures us from one to the other with such cunning baits of alliteration, and such sweet lapses of verse, that never any word seems more eminent than the rest, nor detains the feeling to eddy round it; but you must go on to the end before you have time to stop and muse over the wealth that has been lavished on you.

Now, after such a pointed beginning, we should have expected that the rest of the paragraph would have been an illustration of the "costliness" of Spenser's style. Nothing of the kind. We go from costliness to cunning baits, from cunning baits to sweet lapses; at one moment we are the object of the bait; at the next we, or our feelings, are the stream that will not eddy; at the next we are going on without musing upon the wealth that has been lavished upon us. If Lord Macaulay had come across that paragraph, how he would have immortalized it!

In p. 237, in the essay on Wordsworth, a protest against the poet's habit of writing prefaces and reducing his naturalness to a system ends in this way:—

The imagination is a quality that flouts at foreordination, and Wordsworth seemed to do all he could to cheat his readers of her company by laying out paths with a peremptory *Do not step off the gravel!* at the opening of each, and preparing pitfalls for every conceivable emotion, with guide-boards to tell each when and where it must be caught.

Two pages further on we find:—

Throughout the *Prelude* and the *Excursion* he seems striving to bind the wizard Imagination with the sand-ropes of dry disquisition, and to have forgotten the potent spell-word which would make the particles cohere. There is an arenaceous quality in the style which makes progress wearisome.

In page 246:—

This gift of his was naturally very much a matter of temperament, and, accordingly, by far the greater part of his finer product belongs to the period

* *Among my Books*. Second Series. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Gagod & Co. 1876.

of his prime, ere Time had set his lumpy foot on the pedal that deadens the nerves of animal sensibility.

In the essay on Keats:—

The most profound gospel of criticism was that nothing was good poetry that could not be translated into good prose, as if one should say that the test of sufficient moonlight was that tallow-candles could be made of it. We find Keats at first going to the other extreme, and endeavouring to extract green cucumbers from the rays of tallow.

But we will not pursue any further the ungrateful task of condemning out of his own mouth one who is after all a critic of a high order. It is pleasanter to dwell on what is admirable in Mr. Lowell, on his great knowledge of the poets about whom he writes, on his own experience as a poet, and on the good side of Emerson's influence upon him. Long ago he showed that he was not only a competent critic of Chaucer's poetical qualities, but a learned Chaucerian scholar, and there is the same thoroughness about all the essays in this volume. That on Dante is at once the longest and the fullest of work, and, as a consequence, is the emptiest of metaphor—a great gain where we are dealing with a writer whose touch is so undiscriminating as to make no difference between a beautiful image and a vulgar one—between "Most men make the voyage of life as if they carried sealed orders which they were not to open till they were fairly in mid-ocean," and "In the Greek epic the gods are partisans, they hold caucuses, they lobby and log-roll for their candidates." Dante as a whole, not the *Dante* of the *Commedia* alone, is what Mr. Lowell tries to present us with; and the working in of the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convito*, and the *De Monarchia* is done as only a real student could have done it. And, after all the passages which we have picked out for blame, it is only fair to point to the last five pages of this essay as evidence of the writer's real power of sympathetic eloquence when his theme is great enough to make him forget effect and tricks of style. The study may be ranked near to that beautiful one for which all English lovers of Dante are grateful to Dean Church. "Spenser" is less satisfactory, perhaps because there was less to say, and Mr. Lowell is certainly unfair to those much-abused people, the English and Scotch writers of the fifteenth and early-sixteenth centuries. Still he sums up all the possible criticism of Spenser in the two statements, "Spenser was more habitually possessed by his imagination than is usual even with poets"; and that, in spite of the seduction of Spenser's remoteness, his abstractions have no human interest; "the vast superiority of Bunyan over Spenser lies in the fact that we help to make his allegory out of our own experience." More interesting, though shorter, is the essay on Wordsworth; a paper which, among the numberless ones that the last twenty years have produced, seems to be quite one of the most adequate. Mr. Lowell, like his master Emerson, feels the influence of Wordsworth in every pulsation of his mind, and sees him "in the clouds and in the wind" of the atmosphere in which the modern world is living. "Of no other poet, except Shakespeare, have so many phrases become household words as of Wordsworth." So far as a great poet can be, he is truly popular; not that he can be so in the exact sense of the word, for, as Mr. Lowell finely says, "The highest poetry deals with thoughts and emotions which inhabit, like rarest sea-mosses, the doubtful limits of that shore between our abiding divine and our fluctuating human nature, rooted in the one, but living in the other, seldom laid bare, and otherwise visible only at exceptional moments of entire calm and clearness." But Wordsworth is popular in the sense that in him all readers alike are constantly hearing their names "syllabled with a startling personal appeal to their highest consciousness and their noblest aspirations, such as they wait for in vain in any other poet." Mr. Lowell has plenty to say of Wordsworth's deficiencies, of his want of humour and dramatic power, of his "dry and juiceless temperament," of his curiously artless self-satisfaction, but he never loses consciousness of the poet's penetrative power. Of other poets he writes as of men of letters, who were alive and are dead; of Wordsworth he writes as of a father, whose blood is flowing in his own veins.

To sum up our criticism of Mr. Lowell, we should say, let him read more French—not the poetry, but the prose, not for the matter, but for the manner. There is no writer whose work more tends to bring home to one the crying need which exists in England, and still more in America, for a recognized standard of taste, for an authority to which even men of genius should be compelled for very shame to submit. Whether this standard is to be found in an Academy, as Mr. Arnold thinks, or in some far-off perfection of general education, is another question; all that the reader feels as he closes Mr. Lowell's volume is the need of something, of some correcting force, of some intellectual centre with power enough to keep these wandering bodies in their proper orbit. When Mr. Lowell allows himself to talk, as he did in the *Study Windows*, of art becoming, "instead of 'the world's sweet inn,' whither we repair for refreshment and repose, rather a watering-place, where one's own private touch of the liver-complaint is exasperated by the affluence of other sufferers whose talk is a narrative of morbid symptoms"—when he allows himself to talk in this way he is guilty of a provincialism that would have been wholly impossible to a French writer of powers equal to his. And it is quite certain that provincialisms of this kind will in the long run do irremediable harm to the writer. For a while they may catch the taste of his public and be voted "rich and imaginative"; but in the end opinion settles down, and extravagance and caprice are valued at their just rate; the writer, whatever may be his genius, who allows himself to indulge in them finds himself hopelessly relegated to the second rank.

WHITNEY ON LANGUAGE.*

THERE is something a little puzzling about these books. In a fly-leaf of *Language and its Study*, a work of Professor Whitney's is announced by the name of "Language and the Study of Language; Twelve Lectures on the Principles of Linguistic Science." Of these we are told that Dr. Morris has—with the consent of the author and publisher, as we are further told in his preface—reprinted the first seven lectures, so much as deals with Indo-European languages, with his own Introduction, &c. The fly-leaf adds, "Life and Growth of Language, by the same author, is an abridged form of these lectures; therefore the above [“Language and the Study of Language”] is the only course by Professor Whitney which thoroughly discusses the whole of the interesting questions involved in the Study of Language." But when we turn to the *Life and Growth of Language*, we find that it is one of the "International Scientific Series," and it is introduced by a preface coming from Professor Whitney himself, from which we certainly should not call it a mere abridgment of *Language and the Study of Language*. We should call it distinct work on the same subject, written on a different scale and with a special object, in which the author has naturally used again many of his old thoughts, and even many of his old illustrations. That is surely a perfectly legitimate process, as of course is also a mere abridgment, if it professes itself to be such. But the two processes are distinct; and certainly in reading *Life and Growth of Language* it did not occur to us that the two books stood in any nearer relation to each other than two books by the same author on the same general subject must stand. As we understand the fly-leaf of *Language and its Study*, it is meant as a warning against the *Life and Growth of Language*—that is, it sounds like a warning by Professor Whitney against himself. This is a little beyond us. We have lately seen something of a controversy in which Professor Whitney was an actor; is there to be another in which he is to be the subject?

But when we read Mr. Whitney's books, we heartily wish that there had been no controversy at all. Mr. Whitney is quite able to hold his own ground without running down Professor Müller or anybody else. In the world of the science of language there is room for both of them. Since we reviewed the last volume of Professor Müller's *Chips*, we have seen by chance some terrible things in the *New York Tribune*, not by Mr. Whitney himself, but by some very warm partisan. But in these books we are bound to say that there is nothing which can be called open running down of Professor Müller. We think that we can discern in the Yale Professor a certain satisfaction in getting hold of a theory of his Oxford brother, and pulling it to pieces if he can; but in the two or three places where the actual name of Müller occurs, whether for agreement or for difference, though it is not perhaps brought in as most English scholars would bring it in, it is not treated with any direct disrespect. Mr. Whitney has a great deal to say against the notion of the science of language being one of the physical sciences. This is a subject which he comes back to over and over again, and it is easy to see at what he is aiming. Mr. Whitney is always assuring us that the science of language is one of the historical sciences; that everything in language is not φίοντα but θέοντα; that language is "conventional"—that it is, as he puts it, an "institution"; that every language which a man speaks, his mother-tongue among them, he has learned in the strictest sense, as much as anything else which he learns afterwards. We are in no way inclined to dispute all this; and yet there is a side from which it is not very strange to speak of the science of language as a physical science. It certainly has to do with one class of physical phenomena in a more direct way than most of the historical sciences. It is only in a very indirect way that the study of laws and institutions and of recorded facts has to do with any physical phenomena. But the study of language must deal directly with the physical phenomena of speech. Mr. Whitney is, not wholly unreasonably, a little angry with the professors of physical science for the evident wish of many of them to claim the name "science" as belonging exclusively to their own pursuits, and he is unwilling to give up to them any form of science which can anyhow be kept in any other department. But surely it is neither desirable nor possible to draw any hard and fast line in these matters. It would be hard to deny that geology and paleontology are physical sciences; they deal altogether with physical phenomena. Yet they may be fairly claimed as historical sciences also. They are records of past facts, and the method by which they are studied is essentially the same as that by which other past facts are studied. The less the different branches of knowledge dispute with one another, either as to their respective merits or as to their respective extent, the better for all of them all round. In this case we could have wished that the whole dispute had been left alone; but it certainly has enabled Mr. Whitney to bring out many points of importance more strongly perhaps than he otherwise would have brought them.

Mr. Whitney throughout uses the word "Indo-European" for the family of languages which we have for a good while past learned rather to call "Aryan." He objects to the latter name that in strictness it belongs only to one class of the family. And

* *The Life and Growth of Language*. By William Dwight Whitney. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.
Language and its Study, with especial Reference to the Indo-European Family of Languages. Seven Lectures by William Dwight Whitney. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, &c., by the Rev. R. Morris, M.A., LL.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

this is in a sense true; for it would certainly be hard to prove that the forefathers of Greeks or Teutons ever called themselves Aryans. But, as Mr. Whitney teaches us, language is conventional and an institution. We must have some name, and a name like "Aryan," even if it strictly belongs only to part of the family of languages, practically does its work perfectly well. To those at least who study language for historical purposes it directly means the whole family, and nothing smaller. It is not as if it were the name of some part of the family which we are constantly using in a narrower sense. It is not as if the whole family of languages were called Greek or German. "Indo-Germanic" Mr. Whitney properly rejects; but that name has quite passed away. He might however, we think, in his list of writers who have done good service to the study of language, have mentioned the man who did most to show that the name Indo-Germanic, besides the awkwardness of all names of that formation, was in itself too narrow. This was certainly done by Dr. Prichard in his work on the Celtic languages. In the same list, too, he hardly does justice to the services of Sir William Jones; and, as he traces philological learning back to its very beginnings in old Greek times, it would have been only fair to give a word to Giraldus and Roger Bacon. Another point which Mr. Whitney tries to make is to establish a distinction between comparative philology and linguistic science, the latter of course being something more abstract and philosophical than the other. In the department of comparative philology he allows that the Germans have done great things; in that of linguistic science he does not allow much credit to them, nor seemingly to anybody else. All this we might have passed by without any special remark, or indeed any special consciousness, if it had not been for certain recent disputes; by the light of those disputes we are tempted to see dugs at one particular scholar where otherwise we might not have thought of them. We are tempted to see a certain disposition to make the most of differences, sometimes to imagine them, in cases where things may be differently put by different writers, but where it is hard to see any real practical difference. Thus Mr. Whitney has much to say which is very well worth saying about the growth of dialects, dialectic divergence, and the like. Here is one of the places in which he directly disputes against Professor Müller. He affirms the priority of languages to dialects, and argues against certain writers, who, he says, maintained a priority of dialects to languages. Here he directly quotes Professor Müller:—

"As there were families, clans, confederacies, and tribes," we are told, "before there was a nation, so there were dialects before there was a language." The fallacy involved in this comparison, as in all the reasoning by which it is supported, is that it does not go back far enough; it begins in the middle of historic development, instead of at its commencement. If families, clans, and tribes were ultimate elements in the history of humanity, if they sprang up independently, each out of the soil on which it stands, then the indefinite diversity of human language in its early stages—a diversity, however, fundamental, and not dialectic—might follow, not only as an analogical, but as a direct historical consequence. But, if a population of scattered communities implies dispersion from a single point, if we must follow back the fates of our race until they centre in a limited number of families or in a single pair, which expanded by natural increase, and scattered, forming the little communities which later fused together into greater ones—and who will deny that it was so?—then, also, both by analogy and by historical necessity, it follows that that is the true view of the relation of dialects and language to which we have been led above: namely, that growth and diversification of dialects accompany the spread and disconnection of communities, and that assimilation of dialects accompanies the coalescence of communities.

Now here we really cannot see any practical difference between the two Professors; the remarks of both are equally true at different stages. Clans were before nations, if we mean the existing nations of the world; dialects were before languages, if we mean the existing languages of the world. What we mean by modern English and modern French, what we mean by standard or literary English or French in any age, is simply that one among the Teutonic dialects of Britain, that one among the Romance dialects of Gaul, which happened at any time to have come to the front. The English nation was formed by the union of several kingdoms; those kingdoms were each formed by the union of several smaller districts, the *gå* or the *paganus*; and those again were formed by the union of smaller communities still, the clan settlements, which have grown into our modern parishes. But these smaller units, these smaller districts, with their local dialects, had of course at an earlier stage branched off from greater wholes. There may well have been a time when the Teutons had split off from the other Aryans, and still formed one whole. From this doubtless various great branches split off, and from this again the smaller units split off; but it was by the coalescing of these smaller units that the existing languages were formed. There was no such thing as a specially English group—we need not go about to prove that there was no such thing as a specially French group—at any stage of the Aryan migration; the actual languages grew in historic times out of the dialects which had thus split off. We cannot see any real difference between the two statements; only we cannot help thinking that Mr. Whitney has found a certain pleasure in making as much as he could of an imaginary difference.

We are sorry that this should be so, because the essential matter of Mr. Whitney's two books is thoroughly good. He is throughout clear, straightforward, and suggestive of thought. It is much indeed to be regretted that any kind of feud should have broken out between two scholars who might have done still better work by working in harmony than they have done.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.*

IN *Beauchamp's Career* Mr. Meredith has ventured upon a bold experiment. He has striven to combine the study of individual character with the expression and discussion of modern ideas, and, in place of the precise portraiture of contemporary manners which serves the ordinary novelist by way of background, he has here given us a complex network of social and political problems in which the chief figures of the story are caught and entangled. Indeed all the characters, from the highest to the lowest, are made in their different degrees to feel the intellectual pressure of their time. They are compelled to live and breathe in an atmosphere that is heavily charged with the strong and conflicting currents of modern thought, and by the skill of the artist they are made to absorb into themselves some of the elements of this conflict, and to express its progress and development in their own persons. Mr. Meredith is not, however, to be confounded with the novelist with a purpose. His outlook is too wide and his understanding of character too deep to permit him to use men and women as puppets summoned merely to enforce and expound a particular creed, nor is the author in his own behalf disposed to suggest any sure and ready solution of the many problems he loves to present. What he attempts is merely to bring individual character into sharp and close relation with the dominant influences of a chosen period. He forces the actors of his drama, not only to wear the appropriate costume of the time, but to bear its intellectual burdens, and he does not permit them even for a moment to indulge the placid indifference which in actual life is enjoyed by so vast a proportion of the human race. The value of such an experiment must of course in a large measure depend upon the fitness of its author to conduct it with effect, and in the present instance this, we think, has been attained, though in a peculiar way. For it so happens that the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Meredith's style perfectly accord with the conditions of the chosen scheme of art. Like the invention of a Japanese artist, his mode of workmanship reflects the singularity as well as the beauty of actual nature. It is attuned to the discords no less than to the harmonies of a present world, and, just as the changes of common existence are cynical in their abrupt transitions from high to low, so also are the changes of Mr. Meredith's style. The imagination which is one moment charged with a poetic intensity of feeling trips in the next upon a trivial fact, and retreats in discordant laughter, and the eloquence that seems strong enough to be sustained drops suddenly and almost unawares into mere shrewd speculation. Looking further we may perceive that these peculiarities of style answer to deeper intellectual tendencies. Mr. Meredith is never content with the mere artist's enjoyment of the permanent truths of character. His powers have often been proved strong enough for the highest order of work in this kind, and in *Beauchamp's Career* the imaginative insight is as keen and deep as ever; but here, as before, the work of the artist is constantly interrupted by the invasion of an active and restless intellect which seeks material for argument and speculation, arresting the deeper study of character by a brilliant statement of some of the unsettled problems of the time.

It is the special merit of the plan of *Beauchamp's Career* that it affords scope for the expression of both these tendencies. In the social and political aspects of the story the author finds ample opportunity for the play of sarcasm and argument, while in the portraits of Beauchamp himself, of Cecilia Halkett, or of Lord Romfrey, he proves that his control of the higher artistic gift has lost nothing in strength or certainty. But what is most remarkable in the book, considered as a whole, is the skill with which the writer has brought the two elements of his work into combination. The political and social portions of the novel do not stand apart as mere independent episodes in the progress of the story. There is a Parliamentary election, but its description is not dragged into the legend for the mere sake of picturesque or humorous effect, nor is the novelist often tempted to desert the main business of the plot for the discussion of social theories. The means by which he has escaped these defects are at once simple and successful. He has perceived that character may be developed by the agency of political conflict as well and as truly as by any other sort of circumstance, and he has accordingly forced the different persons of the story into political agitation. Love plays a certain part in the progress of the plot, but it is love complicated with politics. The women as well as the men, and the trivial as well as the more serious characters, are all made to circle round a set of political circumstances. Politics are made the test by which individual character is tried and its special qualities distinguished, and in the skill with which each actor is made to express and reveal his whole nature in the presence of these political ideas lies the artistic triumph of the book.

Nevil Beauchamp, the central figure in the story, may be taken as the example of the success of Mr. Meredith's method. Almost from the beginning of the novel he is represented as entirely absorbed by political ideas; but the type of character developed under the pressure of these ideas has an independent existence, easily separable from the special means chosen for its expression. The same type which is here made the champion and exponent of radical principles might with equal truth have been presented in the service of religious fanaticism, and it is of course to the praise of Mr. Meredith's powers as an artist that he has been able to endow his creation with so much vitality that we can

* *Beauchamp's Career*. By George Meredith. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1876.

realize the man apart from the special conditions of his growth. We can almost pardon the author's elaboration of the political parts of his work in consideration of the result, and we can feel that a piece of human portraiture of this depth and value was well worth having, whatever the means chosen for the painting of it. Nevil Beauchamp is represented as a man of aristocratic traditions who descends with enthusiasm into the popular arena. With the temper and ambition of a martyr, he is prepared for any sacrifice, either for himself or for his caste, and he never ceases to be indignantly surprised with others who are not equally conscious of their guilt, or equally anxious for chastisement. The secret of a character like this lies in the fact that the desire for sacrifice generally precedes the occasion of it, and, as a consequence, the result is often insignificant and sometimes ludicrous. For it is only by a radical defect of intellectual perception, nearly always accompanied and symbolized by entire absence of humour, that this kind of character can support itself with enthusiasm. Nevil Beauchamp is a type of the class who believe that all evil is curable, and who insist on regarding the permanent characteristics of humanity as moral deformities for which each individual is to be made morally responsible. To such minds contact with the world and experience of practical life do not bring increased knowledge, but only beget fiercer rebellion, and life often ends as it began in a sacrifice that is logical but ineffective. Mr. Meredith has worked out this character with entire mastery and skill, and with astonishing sympathy. Beginning with the youth whose generous instincts are still unpledged to any social theories, and upon whose intellect no excessive demands have yet been made, he traces the gradual ascendency of the social reformer, and marks with unflinching accuracy the sacrifice of proportion and the loss of force as the young man's enthusiasm passes under the control of an intellect too weak for its guidance. The passages of life at Venice and the love-making with Renée mark the transition from the one phase to the other. At first the lover stands confessed, fascinating us as he fascinates his companion by the splendid directness and sincerity of his impulses. We acknowledge the powerful presence of a gallant youth who has a right to woo and to win; but in a little while the spirit of the reformer is aroused, and the force of the individual passion is impoverished by the touch of calculating philanthropy. He begins to argue the social wrong of Renée's pre-arranged marriage with the aged French Marquis, and strives in the most natural manner to rest his own claims to the lady upon the claims of humanity. But this plan of summoning argument to the aid of impulse, though a very natural device for any lover in distress, has a special significance in the case of Nevil Beauchamp. It marks the beginning of a mental conflict which finally throws the character off its balance under pretence of asserting the control of reason. From this moment Nevil's intellect, which is weak, assumes command over his impulses, which are strong, and the passionate lover develops by an entirely natural process into the fanatical politician. Nothing in the book is finer, either in conception or execution, than the description of the night in Venice which closes this first stage in the hero's career. Mr. Meredith has a method of conducting dialogue which is admirably suggestive of the dramatic intensity of critical moments in the lives of his characters. He can reject the trivial realities of the scene without destroying its truth of colour, and so powerfully compresses the sequence of events that speech has no choice but to flash out the innermost meaning of the speaker.

The subsequent events in the life of Beauchamp, though they sometimes carry the reader too far into the realm of speculative politics, are of essential service in completing the portrait thus effectively sketched in. It is very natural, for example, that Beauchamp, on his return to England, should fall under the influence of the Radical Dr. Shrapnel, that in consequence he should find himself in sharp conflict with his own people, and that his next essay in love should be perpetually thwarted by separation of political ideas. And Mr. Meredith has been no less sympathetic in showing the constant courage and nobility of his hero than relentless in marking his feeble mental steerage. Beauchamp continues as he had begun, always ready for sacrifice, and indifferent to ridicule, often blundering, but always with a certain dash and distinction which no intellectual shipwreck can destroy. Once only in the course of a career which is made pathetic by its failures, and once more at its close, the real personality of the man reasserts itself and breaks away from its bondage of theories. Renée, the old love, with whom he had never thought of discussing politics, summons him to her side. She is married now, and he is in the midst of a contested election, but the summons is magical. He leaves his politics with the sudden alacrity of a soldier called into action, and, although the quick insight of the Frenchwoman perceives a change in her hero, he recovers in her presence something of the force and fascination of the earlier time. Here again Mr. Meredith has been peculiarly fortunate in his work. The rapidity of his method, the abrupt and pregnant statement of what is essential to expound the intellectual and passionate movement of the scene, is admirably adapted to paint the sudden meeting of old lovers who must as suddenly part again. But perhaps the stroke of strongest and truest art is that by which the author closes the career of his hero. It is in the logic of such a character that the measured results of its labours should be often insignificant and its courage always unfailing, and in the manner of Beauchamp's death both these truths are sufficiently expressed. He is drowned in trying to save another's life,

but this other is not the heroine, nor indeed any character with a place in the story, but a nameless little urchin who had fallen out of a boat in Southampton Water. Beauchamp did not need a life's political conflict to teach him brave or generous instincts; but these instincts were from the first the better and truer part of him, and it is therefore right that they should survive his intellectual troubles and flash out again at the last.

We have only briefly touched upon the central figure in the story, leaving the reader to find out for himself the details of the picture, and to study without interference the subordinate figures who fill the scene. Of these Cecilia Halkett seems the most, and Lydiard the least, successful. It is true that the latter is only a slight sketch, but Mr. Meredith has himself shown in the case of Lord Palmet that the slightest sketch can be endowed with vitality. Among the characters whose portraiture is more decisive Tuckham is perhaps the most unsatisfactory figure, and his union with Cecilia Halkett is scarcely made credible to us. But these minor failures scarcely trouble the general progress of the story, nor do they hinder the expression of Beauchamp's personality. All the characters with whom he is brought closely into contact, Cecilia Halkett, Renée, Earl Romfrey, and Dr. Shrapnel are living creatures, upon whose portraiture the author has spent scarcely less care than upon that of the hero himself. Wider objections which might be brought against the novel depend, as we have already hinted, not upon imperfect skill, but upon defects inherent in the scheme, and which partly correspond with fixed characteristics in the author's method. The combined study of the permanent truths of character, and of the shifting and unsettled problems of political and social life, necessarily imports a discord which no skill can wholly conceal; but where the writer by the nature of his own genius is constantly tempted to this two-fold labour it is better that he should choose, as Mr. Meredith has chosen in *Beauchamp's Career*, a theme which provides in itself the material necessary for the exercise both of his creative and critical faculties.

MINOR NOTICES.

MRS. GROTE has done well in reprinting her husband's letters analysing the causes of the civil war which broke out in Switzerland in 1847.* Mr. Grote was attracted to Switzerland by the differences of race, language, religion, civilization, wealth, habits, &c. which distinguish one part of the population from another, and afford an interesting field for the study of historical phenomena. He also perceived a certain political analogy between the Swiss and the ancient Greeks, whose history he was then writing. He accordingly went to Switzerland in order to investigate the conflict on the spot, and afterwards published the results of his observations in a series of letters which attracted a good deal of attention at the time, but has now been long out of print. It has occurred to Mrs. Grote that the recent German embroilment with the Roman Catholic Church imparts a revived interest to the almost forgotten Sonderbund quarrel, which contained the germs of the same problem. "It is," as Mrs. Grote remarks, "the same piece playing over again, only that the theatre on which the drama is enacted occupies a more extensive area of territory." She has therefore republished Mr. Grote's letters, with the addition of one to De Tocqueville, giving a retrospective view of the struggle. Whether the antagonism between the clerical and lay elements in society is destined, as Mrs. Grote imagines, to be semipartial, there can be little doubt that it will at least find abundant play for some generations to come in various parts of Europe; and Mr. Grote's sketch of the Swiss dispute is a useful introduction to the study of the present aspects of the question. He shows very clearly how clerical influence in Switzerland was organized for political purposes. There were, for instance, eight monasteries in the canton of Argau which throughout 1840 were the great seats of politico-religious agitation. "While," says Mr. Grote, "the leaders from the three cantons held meetings and concerted their measures there, the ample funds of the convents were not spared for the movement, which was impressed upon the neighbouring population as a religious cause in the strictest sense, and enforced as well by the strongest appeals which the Catholic faith and the authority of priests and monks could furnish, as by unmeasured cries of religion against opponents." When a rising took place among the Catholic population of the Southern districts, the convents were used for the concealment of arms and ammunition, their funds were employed in distributing money, wine, and brandy among the insurgents, and their armed servants fought amongst the latter. The rising was, however, put down, and the suppression of the rebellious convents decreed, subject to provision being made for the existing inmates. The Clerical party of course protested, and, after prolonged discussion in the Diet, it was agreed in 1843 that the canton of Argau should restore four of the convents. Another revolt subsequently broke out in the Valais, where the Jesuits were in force, and were known to be fomenting public feeling against the civil authorities. This led to a demand for the expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland; but it only obtained a vote and a half in the Diet, and would probably have been dropped if the Jesuits had been content to remain as they were—that is, established only in Valais, Friburg, and Schwytz. But, confident in their power, the Jesuits sought to ex-

* Seven Letters concerning the Politics of Switzerland pending the Outbreak of the Civil War in 1847. By George Grote. John Murray.

tend their influence, and obtained permission from the Diet to add Lucerne to the cantons in which they were entitled to establish themselves. This naturally excited much indignation among the Liberal and Radical public; and *frances corporis* were formed in the neighbouring cantons, which invaded Lucerne, but were easily defeated. There can be no doubt that this was a grave mistake on the part of the Liberals, but it was only a retaliation for the previous attacks on the Catholic party. It became obvious, indeed, that the civil Government must either be relieved from clerical domination, or become a mere instrument in the hands of the priests; and this conviction was deepened by the systematic aggressiveness of the latter. When the clerical party found the majority of the Diet against them, they formed a separate league of seven cantons, called the Sonderbund, which established itself as an armed Confederation, in defiance of the authority of the Diet. We cannot go into the details of the struggle which ensued, but may give Mr. Grote's summary of its chief features. He describes the Sonderbund party as "a knot of men trying to turn religion to political account and to put the priest above the political leader, employing for the purpose all the artifices of an ultra-democracy," and receiving the support of the Conservatives, who, though most of them Protestants, sided with the clericals from hatred of their political rivals, the Liberals. It need perhaps hardly be said that Mr. Grote writes as a strong partisan of the Liberal cause, and that allowance must be made for this bias. At the same time, his letters are an admirable example of clear, concise, and vigorous statement, and possess both literary and historical value.

In a paper on the Etruscan Language * Mr. Isaac Taylor exhibits very clearly and fully the present state of the important controversy on this subject which some still regard as shrouded in inextricable mystery. In his *Etruscan Researches* Mr. Taylor had put forth all his reasons for holding that the riddle had been solved, and that the old Etruscan speech belonged to a branch of the Turanian family of languages, now represented most nearly by the Yeniseian dialects. But although he sees no cause for abandoning or seriously modifying any of his positions, the publication of Dr. Corssen's elaborate work renders a complete re-statement of Mr. Taylor's arguments in a small compass especially useful for those who have no time to read either Dr. Corssen's or Mr. Taylor's volumes. The perusal of this short but very able paper will amuse as well as instruct the reader. Among the many attempts to argue from a foregone conclusion, the effort of Dr. Corssen to prove that Etruscan was but a form of Latin is one of the most ingenious, the most daring, and in its ludicrous results the most mournful. If it be impossible to repress a smile at the absurdity of some of his statements, the reader's merriment must soon give way to a feeling of profound pity for a life in great part spent, and prematurely cut short, on an impossible task. Even in Mr. Taylor's armour a few chinks may perhaps still remain open; but no one probably will deny that his conclusions generally rest on foundations not easily shaken.

Whatever may be thought of the speculative system of Shakespearian criticism with which Mr. Fleay has identified himself, there can be no question that he has rendered an important service to the study of the great dramatist by the Manual † which he has just published. The object of this work is, he tells us, "to place within the reach of the student such information as is essential for him to possess, but is at present unattainable unless he purchases many costly books." Mr. Fleay has accordingly prepared a careful and complete digest of all the authoritative information which has been collected with regard to Shakspeare's life, the chronological succession of his plays in order of composition, their relation to the contemporary drama, his manner and method of work, and the development of his artistic genius. This forms the first part of the Manual, while the rest of it is devoted to Mr. Fleay's own theories as to the use of metrical tests in determining the authenticity of the plays attributed to Shakspeare. Mr. Fleay's views on this subject are well known, and need not be discussed here. There can be no doubt, however, as to the value of the earlier and more practical part of his book, in which he presents a comprehensive survey of all the facts necessary to a thorough understanding of the circumstances and conditions under which Shakspeare worked. Mr. Fleay not only gives his readers in a brief and simple form the substance of books which they would find it difficult or expensive to procure for themselves, but he saves them the trouble of wading through a great mass of not very readable matter in order to obtain a few important particulars. He sternly avoids the fanciful style in which it was once the fashion to deal with Shakspeare's biography; sticks to plain, hard facts, and tells his story without any waste of words or idle ornament. In his first chapter, for instance, we have all that is in any degree authentically known about Shakspeare's life put together in concise detail, without any superfluous discussion of doubtful questions. Next comes a collection of the chief references to Shakspeare in contemporary writings. The third chapter summarizes the various grounds on which the authenticity, origin, and date of each play are to be determined; the fourth gives the writer's own views as to the extent to which the works published in Shakspeare's name are genuine, with an account of the chief editions; while the fifth reviews the latest inquiries as to pronunciation, metre, and metrical tests. In the

succeeding chapter we get an interesting account of the way in which plays were presented in Shakspeare's time; while the next three divisions supply a connected view of theatrical history from 1575 to 1642, with tables of plays, companies, theatres, actors, printers, and publishers. Altogether Mr. Fleay's Manual is a valuable contribution to the study of Shakspeare.

Professor Tyndall has republished in a revised and, to some extent, remodelled form, and with some additions, a selection of articles and lectures on various questions of science*, such as Putrefaction and Infection (the discussion of which is brought down to the date of the latest experiments), Dust and Disease, Crystals and Molecular Force, &c. There are also sketches of Faraday, Niagara, and a voyage to Algeria. The charm of Professor Tyndall's clear and vivid style of exposition is fully maintained in this volume, and it may be taken up with the assurance that it is not only instructive but entertaining.

It was probably inevitable that the first edition of such a work as Mr. Venn's *Logic of Chance*† should require on various points subsequent correction and elaboration; and this has been supplied in a second edition, in the preface to which the writer frankly acknowledges various faults, including a too polemical tone, which he has discovered in the original publication. Several new questions are introduced, such as the nature and physical origin of laws of error, the material view of logic and probability, the practices of insurance and gambling, &c. At the same time, the writer adheres to the general view of probability which he adopted in the first instance.

Mr. Greg has reprinted from various publications a series of articles‡ showing, on the one hand, the mistakes into which the working classes are apt to fall in regard to their own interests, and, on the other, the means by which they could most readily and effectually improve their condition. This work has been already incidentally spoken of in our columns, and it is now only necessary to say that it is written with Mr. Greg's accustomed vigour and inciseness, and that it deals not merely with the errors of the Trade-Unions, but with such questions as peasant proprietorship and the general progress and hopes of socialism.

Mr. King's biographies of French political leaders§ would hardly be worth notice in themselves, being only a rather poor sample of the ordinary style of American newspaper correspondence, if it were not that we have to protest against English publishers lending their aid to debase their native tongue by the introduction of American vulgarisms. Such words as "theater," "counselor," "flavor," "somber," "center," "endeavored," "defense" may pass in America, but they are certainly not English; and in reprinting this book the English publisher ought to have taken care to have them corrected. The tone of the work may be imagined from the fact that M. Victor Hugo heads the list of the political leaders of France, and that the sketch of him is chiefly made up of marvellous stories derived from M. Hugo's Memoirs, which is generally supposed to be the most romantic of his works.

Lord Ronald Gower has brought out in two vast folio volumes a series of drawings from the collection of Castle Howard.|| It has often been said that to write oneself out is a bad thing. To draw oneself out may not be as bad; but Lord Ronald Gower would appear to be desirous of experimenting on its effects. These are two immense books, so big that it is only by the assistance of a confederate that they can be comfortably turned over, and it may fairly be questioned whether they possess advantages on account of their size to compensate for the bewildering and fatiguing exercise of going through them. A process of selection might have reduced the number. Some are not, from an art point of view, worth reproducing. Some again, which are fairly drawn, might, so far as any distinct physiognomy is presented, be labelled as portraits of Wellington and Napoleon, with an alternative of identification reserved to the spectator. When they had been well weeded, all that were left of three hundred would have made a very pretty volume for the drawing-room table, if extra margin had been cut down, and all superfluities of waste paper sternly repressed. But Lord Ronald has preferred to give us the number mentioned, and some people may find his book more useful and more pleasing, as it is certainly more conspicuous, on account of its size. The painter Clouet is better known in England by name than by his works. Lord Ronald, in his very short preface, justly calls him the French Holbein, and undoubtedly some of these heads are very like the drawings of the Court of Henry VIII. preserved at Windsor. Like so much of the art of Northern Europe at that day, the work of the Clouet family took its origin in the Court of Burgundy. Jean, as a receipt dated in 1495 goes to prove, was a miniature painter of Brussels. His son, also John, but known as Jehannet, or John junior, and familiarly as "Janet," was father of Francis Clouet, to whom most of the drawings in the Carlisle Collection are attributed. The frontispiece is supposed to be a study from

* *Fragments of Science: a Series of Detached Essays, Addresses, and Reviews.* By John Tyndall, F.R.S. Fifth Edition. Longmans & Co.

† *The Logic of Chance.* By John Venn, M.A. Second Edition. Macmillan & Co.

‡ *Mistaken Aims and Attainable Ideals of the Artisan Class.* By W. R. Greg. Tribner & Co.

§ *French Political Leaders.* By Edward King. Sampson Low & Co.

|| *Three Hundred French Portraits; representing Personages of the Courts of Francis I., Henry II., and Francis II.* By Clouet. Autolithographed from the Originals at Castle Howard by Lord Ronald Gower. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

* *The Etruscan Language.* By Isaac Taylor, M.A., Rector of Settrington. Reprinted from the Journal of the Transactions of the Victoria Institute, or Philosophical Society of Great Britain. London: 1876.

† *Shakespeare Manual.* By F. G. Fleay, M.A. Macmillan.

the face of Francis I. after death, for the waxen image required at the funeral. No. 2 is the same King alive; and very much alive, indeed, his face appears. No. 5 is labelled "feu monsieur (*sic*) le dauphin François," and also looks as if it had been drawn from a corpse, and so do one or two more. An interesting portrait is that marked "Marie Royné dessoue en leage de neuf ans et six mois Lan 1552 au mois de Juillet." Unfortunately this is one of those drawings which show little but the outline of a human head, and might represent anybody. There are also portraits of Admiral de Coligny, of Margaret of Navarre, of Henry IV. as an infant, and many other remarkable people, besides some seventy which are without names. It is hardly stated with sufficient clearness in the preface that there is no proof whatever forthcoming that these drawings are by the Clouet family, except the very negative one that no one else could have done them. But we are only told, on the authority of Lenoir, that the fifth Earl of Carlisle purchased them in Flanders; for no record of the purchase is to be found at Castle Howard. Lord Ronald Gower has improved in his mastery of the autolithographic process since he made the drawings from the Sutherland collection (noticed in the *Saturday Review*, September 26, 1874), and he modestly deprecates comparison of his work with that of Chamberlain on the Windsor Holbeins; but, while acknowledging the value of the present publication, we cannot but wish that a little more time and elaboration had been spent on a few of the heads, and that the rest had been let alone.

Mr. J. P. Fleming has compiled an analysis of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning**, which will be useful to the student if he does not rely upon it too exclusively in order to avoid the trouble of mastering the original for himself. There can be no doubt that in some respects Bacon's style and phraseology warrant an explanatory work of this kind, and it is also of advantage to have a digested summary of his system, as an introduction to deeper study of it. The work is designed for the use of candidates at military and Civil Service examinations.

Mr. Canning's *Intolerance among Christians*† is a boyish collection of quotations from eminent men of ancient and modern times intended to prove the necessity for greater toleration in matters of religion. His simplicity and confusion of mind are displayed in the conclusion at which he arrives, that it would be the greatest moral improvement which the world has yet seen if "the good and morally virtuous of all parties, religious and political, could recognize a common interest, and alike disown the wicked among their several denominations as the common enemy." As a matter of fact, all denominations do denounce what they think wickedness; but then there is a difference of opinion as to what wickedness really is, and what principles or systems of religion are most powerful in combating it. It may be also asked whether the phrase "morally virtuous" does not suggest the possibility of virtue being sometimes immoral.

The *Concise Law Dictionary*‡, edited by Mr. H. Mozley and Mr. G. Whiteley, is not only concise, but compendious, and is well adapted for those who desire to refresh the memory or obtain a succinct explanation of legal terms without going through a mass of details.

The official record of the last year's meeting of the Social Science Congress at Brighton § contains, in addition to the usual matter, especially able and interesting papers on the City of Health by Dr. Richardson, on Economy and Trade by Mr. Grant-Duff, and on the Repression of Crime by Lieut.-Col. Du Cane.

The extension of the taste for gardening would seem to be indicated by the appearance of a third edition of *Villa Gardening*|| by Mr. Paul, the well-known rose-grower, and of a second edition of Mr. Samuel Wood's *Plain Guide to Good Gardening*. These works are both written by practical men, and give practical instructions which it is easy for amateurs to understand, if not to follow.

Mr. A. Lukyn Williams's essay on the causes and means of prevention of Indian famines ¶ gives an interesting summary of the practical conditions of the subject. He comes to the conclusion that scarcity of food must, from the nature of the climate, be regarded as at times inevitable, but that this danger may, by agricultural and other improvements, be kept within bounds, and arrangements made for preventing the disastrous consequences of famine. Much may be done, he thinks, to increase the productiveness of the country and to introduce new kinds of food; but, on the other hand, the protection of the people against famine must mainly depend on an advance in general civilization.

An "Old Draper" ** has published some reminiscences connected with his trade, which are not without interest. He began his business life as a lad in a draper's shop at Whitechapel. He had to be up very early in the morning to do the rough work now usually

done by porters; ten o'clock at night was the nominal hour of closing, but the shopmen were often at work for an hour or two later, and on Saturdays the shutters were not put up till midnight, after which there would be two or three hours of clearing up, for which the young men were consoled by a good supper of beef-steaks and porter. We get some glimpses of the ways of business at this time. People used to chaffer very much about prices, and the system of fixed charges was only just coming in. Window-dressing was also a novelty. Customers were often bullied into buying goods they did not want; and the writer has seen girls going off crying on account of the goods thrust upon them. Business was conducted in the most slovenly manner, both quality and price being settled in a very haphazard way. In some cases the shopkeepers sold goods at a loss, while in others the price was excessive. The countermen were encouraged by tips. Afterwards the writer rose to be first shawl-man at Waithman's, at the eastern end of Fleet Street. His being a shopman, however, did not prevent him being one of the "bucks" of the period, but he admits he was "somewhat of a coxcomb." On Sunday mornings he used to walk in Kensington Gardens in top-boots and buckskins, with his neck tied up in a tall, stiff neckerchief, and in the evening he changed his attire to knee-breeches and silk stockings, which he displayed on the same promenade. The "Old Draper" appears to have been a shrewd and successful shopman, and recounts many of his feats in passing off goods which other shopmen could not dispose of. Among other things in which there has been a change, he notes how rarely made-up articles were on sale in his early days, materials being usually bought for making up at home, and how scanty was the ordinary stock of clothing of people even in a decent position compared with that of a similar class nowadays. The general lesson of the book seems to be that in the drapery, as in other trades, success is usually obtained by steady industry combined with sharpness and a touch of craft.

Mr. O'Leary, who tells us that he began life as a farm-boy and was afterwards a paviour, has visited Canada, the Red River Territory, and the United States as a delegate of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, and now publishes the results of his observations.* He writes in a rough, and occasionally rather wild, way, and the arrangement of the book is fragmentary; but perhaps it may be of interest to the class addressed. He has the good sense to warn English working-people not to expect a Utopia on the other side of the Atlantic, though he thinks there is plenty of room for emigrants who are willing to work hard and can keep away from the drinking-bars.

It is satisfactory to observe the gradual progress of culture and literary tastes in those new countries where the rough and arduous labour of the majority of the people leaves little time for intellectual pursuits. Proof of the advance in this respect which is gradually going on comes to us in the shape of two new periodicals† which have been started, one at Melbourne and the other at Dunedin. It may be taken as evidence that there exists in these communities a healthy appetite for letters when we find publishers, not content with smaller magazines, boldly venturing into the solemn sphere of quarterly reviews. Both of the works before us are of this order. The *Melbourne Review* is a half-crown publication, and the promoters intimate in a very candid preface that they cannot hope to compete with the abundant supply of English fiction and light literature, of which the colonial production is small, but think they are more likely to succeed with "subjects of a more solid character." Thus "articles on Philosophy, Theology, Science, Art, and Politics will form the leading features of the Review," and will be admitted "no matter from what school of thought they may emanate." It is added that a principal source of interest will be the treatment of important subjects "from a colonial standpoint, and by writers of colonial education and experience." Whether any very great results are likely to be obtained in this direction remains to be seen, but the aim is at least a good one. As far as the present number is concerned, the general character of the articles appears to be very much that of an echo of familiar English voices, with perhaps a special predilection for what are called advanced views. In the pages on the relation of the State to the religious and ecclesiastical bodies of Victoria, we find something of the ring of Mr. Chamberlain, and it may perhaps be thought that the statement that in England "the fury of party spirit within the State Church—a spirit which State patronage provokes and fosters—calls loudly for the remedy of disestablishment" indicates somewhat one-sided information. Party fury has to English eyes been more conspicuous outside than inside the Church. We do not know how far the testimony of this writer is to be accepted within his own local range, but he relates a conversation which he says he overheard between two little boys, one of whom asked the other in regard to a new-comer, "What religion is he? an A or a B?" and, on the other replying, "Neither, he's a C," exclaimed, "Oh,—him; there's enough of religions"; and the writer adds that he believes this sentiment is shared by a great majority of the people of Victoria. The next article deals with "History and Geography," and men-

* *Analysis of Bacon's Advancement of Learning*. By J. P. Fleming, M.A. Longmans & Co.

† *Intolerance among Christians*. By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning, Smith, Elder, & Co.

‡ *A Concise Law Dictionary*. By H. Mozley and G. Whiteley. Butterworths.

§ *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*. Brighton Meeting, 1875. Edited by C. W. Ryalls. Longmans & Co.

|| *Villa Gardening*. By W. Paul. Third Edition. Warne & Co.

¶ *A Plain Guide to Good Gardening*. By S. Wood. Lockwood & Co.

¶ *Famines in India; their Causes and Possible Prevention*. Cambridge University Le Bas Prize, 1875. By A. Lukyn Williams. Henry S. King & Co.

** *Reminiscences of an Old Draper*. Sampson Low & Co.

* *Travels and Experiences in Canada, the Red River Territory, and the United States*. By Peter O'Leary. Savoy Steam Press.

† *The Melbourne Review*. No. 1. Jan. 1876. Melbourne: Samuel Mullen.

The *New Zealand Magazine*. No. 1. Jan. 1876. Dunedin: "Daily Times" Office.

May 13, 1876.]

The Saturday Review.

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HARRY BROWN, Assistant-Secretary.

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